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Number 20

MISTER NOODLE By J. P. McEVROY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MOTHER: Hooray! I've got a job. A real job this time—a lot better than the one I had. I'm in the Sunday art department of the Chicago Star. I make layouts. You wouldn't understand what that is, so there isn't much use of my telling you. Anyway, you know those big art illustrations for the Sunday stories—all about how they have just found the tomb of Cleopatra, or stories about how the earth is gradually falling into the sun, with pictures of the comets and solar systems, and everything like that.

Well, I'm supposed to arrange these pictures artistically and make little pen-and-ink sketches in the corners. I get twenty-five dollars a week, which is ten dollars more than I was getting over at Jones Brothers, dusting underwear. I'll be an artist yet; you'll see! Don't send any more apples. I can't eat them fast enough and they rot. How are you? And don't worry so much about me in the Big City. I can take care of myself, believe me. Your loving son, CHARLIE.

GUM SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR SON: I don't understand much what you are doing. I thought you had a pretty good job with those underwear people. It looked like something solid, with a future. I don't hold much truck with all this fiddle-faddle about Cleopatra and comets and things like that. There's

no future in it. You mark my words, son; you won't get anywhere until you settle down to something serious. The rolling stone gathers no moss. And another thing is the moral side of those Sunday papers. I never see them, but they don't look very moral to me.

Cleopatra was certainly no better than she should be, from all I've heard tell, and associating with that kind of influence is bound to make its mark on you. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined. You've always had nothing but a good influence here at home, and while Gum Springs isn't as big as Chicago, it might be a lot better for you to stay down here in Southern Illinois than be gallivanting around in a big city like Chicago, surrounded by the pomp and pitfalls of Satan. You think you're smart, but pride cometh before a fall. I am sending you some more apples—Jonathans this time—keep them in a cool place and you won't have so much trouble with them going soft on you. Wouldn't you like some of mother's nice jelly?

Love,
MOTHER.

P. S.: Couldn't you maybe get something for Mollie's Ed to do up there in the city? He's very handy.

(From the Johnson County News)

GUM SPRINGS LOCALS

A number of our leading citizens joined the posse which Sheriff Tom Mullins



"There. How's That? Introducing Another New Comedy Cartoon Creation—Missus Noodle, by the World-Renowned Comic Artist, Chic Kiley. Applause!"

organized last week to hunt for the young gambler from out of town who shot and killed Uncle John Mizell's oldest boy, Willie, in a card game last Friday night in the tool shed up in the cemetery. Bloodhounds were sent down from the county seat, and everyone joined in the chase with great good will, but without success. The murderer was a stranger in these parts and, according to the other boys in the game, was a professional gambler walking through the country making his living by his wits, and the argument was over just fifty cents. The pity of it all!

Old Doc Noonan, who lives on what is known as the Polly Moore farm, and who meets all trains, is being missed down at the depot. He is real low with dropsy. Can't spare you, Doc!

We hear from our friend and neighbor,



"She is Probably Some Little Flibbertigibbet and All That Sweetness is Just a Pretense"

Mrs. Mary Kiley, who tells us with considerable pride that her boy, Charlie, is making good in the Big City. He does those art pieces for the Sunday paper in Chicago—considerable chore for such a lad! Are you going to be one of those artists, eh, Charlie?

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MOTHER: I am getting along fine in my new job. I wish you wouldn't worry so much about me. You still seem to think I'm a kid or something and can't take care of myself. Well, that's all you know about it. There's lots of other things you don't know either, as, for instance, when you say this job is a bad influence. It's a swell job and I'm crazy about it, but I can see now I don't know enough to hold it down, so I am planning to study nights.

One of the fellows at the office was telling me there was a swell life class over at the Art Institute three nights a week, so I think I'll enroll for that. I'm not very good at anatomy and I'm sure if I could draw a model for a while it would help me a lot. I wonder what you're going to say to that. I suppose you'll throw a fit. Of course, I don't expect you to understand such things anyway. I know you mean well, but you just don't understand. I wish you'd stop sending me apples. I've only got a tiny little room, and it's full of apple barrels now. Jelly too. Do you think I rub it in my hair or something? Thanks for the clipping; I guess they're all kind of surprised down there. Well, I'll show them, believe me.

Your loving son,
CHARLIE.

GUM SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR SON: I certainly was shocked and horrified by your last letter. I guess I wasn't far wrong when I predicted what would come of your evil associations. A model! Well, I've heard tell of

such things, but I never thought I'd live to see the day when a son of mine would be mixed up with such goings on. You get right out of that newspaper and get back to that underwear quick as you can. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? A model! Why, of all things. Imagine, if that ever got out and around in this town. Why, I wouldn't be able to hold up my head up on the hill here. I certainly hope it won't be necessary for me to say any more about it.

As for the apples, I'll send you apples whenever I feel like it. I guess I know what's good for you. I suppose you'd rather have models. Well, apples are better for your health and for your immortal soul too. I guess you don't think much about your soul up there in the Big City. It's a good thing you have someone who thinks about such things for you. What would become of you? Remember the little poem I used to teach you:

*Man is a vapor
Full of woes,
Cuts a caper,
Down he goes.*

I am sending you a bushel basket of Grimes Golden. They make good cooking apples too.

Your loving
MOTHER.

P. S.: You get out of that newspaper office. It looks to me like the broad road that leadeth to destruction.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MOTHER: If you're going to be like that, I'm not going to tell you what I'm doing. Every artist has to have a model. How is he going to learn to draw the human figure if he doesn't see it? I don't expect all those apple knockers down there in Gum Springs to understand that, and I don't care whether they do or not, but I do wish you wouldn't misunderstand things. I try so hard to explain everything to you, and the more I try the worse it gets. For instance, about the apples. Can't you understand that I can't possibly eat a barrel of apples a week? It isn't that I don't want to—I just can't. I know you raise them with your own hands, but even so, I can't eat that many. It just ain't humanly possible, and it ain't humanly possible to be an artist, either, without studying the way all artists study. That means going to classes where they have models and learning to draw them until you get their proportions right. You know, beginners always get the legs too short, and here at the Art Institute you have the best models and the best teachers, and they criticize your work and tell you where all the bones and muscles are and everything. It's just great. I've only just started, but I can't begin to tell you how interesting it is.

My teacher's name is John Gordon, and he's marvelous. What he doesn't know about the female body! Why, he can take a piece of charcoal and just one line—he can go right down from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, and show you every muscle and bone all the way down. Boy, if I could only draw like that! But I guess it takes years.

His daughter, Dorothy, is the monitor of the class. That means she poses the models, and keeps the time, and checks up the attendance, and takes care of all the details like that. She can draw, too, but of course not so good as her father. I bet you'd like her. She's sort of quiet and sweet. She doesn't think much of my drawing—makes a lot of fun of it—but some day I'll show her I'm just as smart as this Zornsky guy that she's always going "ah" and "ooh" about. Why shouldn't he be able to draw? He's been doing nothing else all his life—that and talk. Talk, talk, talk—that's the best thing he does. And Dorothy sits and looks at him with her mouth open and her eyes all bugged out like boiled onions while he spills a lot of tripe about art and life and all that hokey. Well, I'll show her—and him, too; the little sawed-off Polack!

Your loving son,
CHARLIE.

II

A LIFE class is drawing in charcoal from a female model, who stands on a raised platform backed by a black velvet screen. Arranged in three semicircular rows or tiers, the artists sit on "horses" with their boards in front of them; the first row near the floor, the second higher, and the third higher still. About twenty students, the majority girls, from nineteen to twenty-five. They are sketching intently and in silence.

JERRY (with careless rapture):

*"Sing Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
And you'll shoo-o-o-thah
Bloo-o-os away!"*

VOICES: Shut up! Cut it out!
JERRY (softly):

*"Sing Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
And you'll shoo-o-o-thah
Bloo-o-os away!"*



"Listen, Michelangelo. Chic Will be a Famous"

GIRL'S VOICE: For crying out loud!

JERRY (after a small, still pause):

"Sing Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
And you'll shoo-o-o-thah
Bloo-o-os away!"

VOICES: Kill him!

DOROTHY (coming in suddenly on disturbance): What's all this? The minute I step out of the room—

VOICE: John McCormack singing again.

JERRY: Not singing, Dorothy. Just my mating call.

DOROTHY: Do your mating calls outside. You'll have all the girls here in a panic.

JERRY: That was the idea.

MAN'S VOICE: When is mating season for artists?

GIRL'S VOICE: When isn't?

DOROTHY: Sh-h-h-h-h. Wait until you're artists and it'll be time to worry about mating seasons. (Looking at watch): Rest! (To class): Don't forget. You're to turn in your best sketches before you leave this evening. Be sure they're signed. The dean is coming in to look over the work of the class sometime tonight.

[Model breaks pose, slips on wrapper and resumes reading her copy of the American Mercury.]

ZORNSKY: And why should I let the dean look at my work? What does he know about art? He's only a glorified errand boy for the millionaires who are flattered to be thought of as art patrons because they support an art museum.

DOROTHY: True talk.



MISTER & MISSUS NOODLE BY CHIC KILEY

ZORNSKY: And what is an art museum? A mausoleum of dead stupidities on display for the edification of live jackasses.

DOROTHY (soothing him): There, there. Some day the world will understand you.

ZORNSKY: To be understood—hah, that is the supreme degradation.

JERRY: Where's Chic Kiley, the big, loud, boy friend, Dorothy? Home pressing his spats?

DOROTHY (indignantly): Listen, Michelangelo. Chic will be a famous cartoonist when you are still drawing those funny torsos that look like enlarged tonsils.

JERRY: Sez you.

DOROTHY: Sez me.

GIRL: Never mind, Dorothy. Chic is a darling. Dumb as a duck, but a darling.

JERRY: You gotta be dumb to want to be a cartoonist.

DOROTHY: But I suppose you have to be a master mind to draw tomato-can labels?

JERRY: That takes psychology—sales psychology.

DOROTHY: Psychology! You can't even spell it.

JERRY: Well, I got a catchup account today just the same. You know what I sez to this guy? I sez to him: "Do you know what's the matter with your catchup advertising?" And he sez, "No; what?"

And I sez, "No color, that's what. You need color," I sez. "Singing color. Color that sings. Do you know what I mean?" And he sez, "Aw, go on." And I sez, "Yeh, vibrant color. Some of them glowing reds," I sez.

DOROTHY: That's where he threw you out.

JERRY: Zat so! He just listened till his eyes bugged out; you coulda knocked them off with a stick. "Look at the rainbow," I sez. "That's color. Do people look at rainbows? I hope to tell you. And look at the flowers," I sez. "Color. When Nature wants you to look at anything, she puts color in it. When she wanted people to look at tomatoes, she made them red. You want people to look at your tomatoes and what do you do? You print them black. Who wants a black tomato?" Well, that just soaked him. (Pause.) P. S.: I got the job.

DOROTHY (looking at watch): Time!

[Model resumes pose. Class resumes sketching. Noises are heard outside the door.]

CHIC: But I won't.

ATTENDANT: You gotta.

CHIC: I don't neither.

ATTENDANT: You do too.

[Door flies open and CHIC appears, pulling furiously on end of his stick, which art-museum ATTENDANT is trying to take away from him. His derby hat is down over one eye and his poor neat clothing

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ARTHUR
WILLIAM
BROWN 30

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 5)

somewhat disarranged. His spats, however, are in good condition.
 CHIC (backing in): Leggo, I say. Leggo my stick.

ATTENDANT: You gotta check canes and umbrellas. 'Srule.

DOROTHY: What's the matter, Chic?
 CHIC: Well, I was just coming here to class.

JERRY: That's nice. We missed you.
 CHIC: — and this guy comes along and grabs my stick.

ATTENDANT (stolidly): You gotta check canes and umbrellas. 'Srule. I didn't make it. But a rule's a rule. And I told this fellow that. I told him. I sez, "You gotta check that cane."

CHIC: Stick.

ATTENDANT: Cane, I sez. You ain't goin' around poking holes in pictures. Just the other day a guy sneaks by me with his cane and goes around pointing at pictures and sticks it right through one of them See-zannies.

DOROTHY (helpfully): You mean Cezanne.

ATTENDANT: See-zannies. It's spelt right out on the picture. And now this here guy tries to sneak by —

DOROTHY: May I say something?

ATTENDANT (grudgingly): I guess so.

DOROTHY: All right then. Beat it!

ATTENDANT (backing out slowly): But this fellow's got a cane.

CHIC (quietly): Stick.

DOROTHY: Get out. (Closes door on him and hurries to the assistance of Chic, who is carefully divesting himself of his chamois gloves, coat and hat.) Here, let me have them, Chic.

CHIC: Thanks awfully. (Settles himself comfortably, while DOROTHY hangs his coat, hat and stick with loving care.)

JERRY (once more):

"Sing Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
 HAL-lay-loo-o-o-yah!"

GORDON (coming in on this): Am I in the right place?

DOROTHY: Hello, dad.

GORDON (patting DOROTHY on back): This is the art class I am teaching, isn't it?

DOROTHY: That's one name for it.

GORDON (to DOROTHY): Everybody here? (Looking around, seeing Chic's work.) You haven't done much.

CHIC: I was late—doing some art work for the Sunday paper.

GORDON: Art work he calls it! Lay-outs of suicides in Monte Carlo caused by an epidemic of two-headed calves in Nebraska. Well, everybody's an artist these days—photographers, movie directors, barbers, xylophone players, trained seals. . . . What have they been doing?

DOROTHY: Action poses, dad.

GORDON (behind Chic's work): I'm glad you told me. (To Chic): Is this your idea of a woman in action?

CHIC: I think I'm getting a lot of movement in that, Mr. Gordon.

GUM SPRINGS, ILLINOIS.

DEAR SON: I was so upset by your last letter I didn't trust myself to answer until I thought it all over. Now I hardly know where to begin. I am that stumped. What has come over you, my boy? Don't you think you should come home, dear, where it's so quiet and peaceful, and kind of think things over for a while? I'm sorely afraid you are running away with yourself. Surely you can't be seriously interested in a girl who has been brought up in such surroundings—posing models, whatever that means, and being a

monitor, whatever that is. She is probably some little flibbertigibbet and all that sweetness is just a pretense. She's probably no better than she should be. How could she be, in such loose surroundings, and how can a real father allow a daughter to carry on in such a place, unless he is no better than she is? I certainly am not interested in what he knows about female bones and muscles. It's none of his business anyway. He could be better employed. And so could you, sitting around and wondering if girls' legs are long enough. Is that what I raised you for? I am thoroughly disgusted and heartsick.

You better come home and help me with the apples. You'd be much better off. At least you'd be in a good moral atmosphere, which is more than I can say for that art school. I have been looking at some of the work you've been doing for the paper and I can't make head or tail of it. Is that your idea of something useful? Well, it sure beats me what some people will do to get out of work. I'm glad to say I was raised different. You didn't get any of that art nonsense from my side. Michael was always sort of dreamy and impractical, and I guess you must have got it from him. Well, verily, the sins of the father are visited on the children, but I don't see why I shouldn't raise my voice in warning before it's too late.

You seem to think I don't understand what you are doing. Well, it isn't such a much—a lot of silly hen scratching, I call it. Why you should get real money for it is more than I can see, unless everybody is going crazy up there in the city. You should send them down here, where it is calm and peaceful and we still have the sense the good Lord gave us. I suppose He has just about given you city people up for lost and is leaving you to your own sinful devices. Art classes! Sitting around nights spying on female bones and muscles. That I should live to see this day! Well, I guess you are going to be headstrong about this, as you have been about everything else. You'll mark my words when it's too late. You'll live to rue the path you are now treading. That way lieth perdition.

Don't you think you could get your job back in that underwear place? You wrote me much nicer letters when you were working there. You told me yourself the manager of your department made fifty dollars a week. That's a lot of money to get every week, winter and summer, rain or shine. You'll never get that much with this art nonsense. You'll see that all this art stuff is just a passing fad, while underwear will go on forever. But then, you were never any hand for sticking at one thing. Hippity-hoppity all over the place. Life isn't like that. You'll find that out.

I've bought a couple of pigs to take care of the culls, and later on I'll give them some corn so they'll be fat enough to kill. Would you like me to send you some sausage? You could probably get the woman of the house to cook it for you. Some apple sauce would go good with it too. I'll send you some more apples if you're running low. Don't be taken in by a sweet, designing face. All is not gold that glitters—you'll find that out. A good, sensible girl of the right sort wouldn't be mixed up in that sort of surroundings. That Polaek is plenty good enough for her. I wasn't born yesterday.

By the way, Alice Murphy was asking about you the other day. Now

there's a good girl from a good family; none of this art nonsense about her. Modest and wholesome and a real help-mate. Why don't you come home for Christmas? I might have the pigs ready to kill by that time and I could cook you some nice fresh spare ribs. I guess it won't be as fancy as some of your city food, but you didn't use to turn up your nose at it. You was raised on hogjaw and hominy—yes, and cornbread and buttermilk and good old turnip greens, and you'll live to see the day you wish you had more of it. You and your monitors! MOTHER.

ART CLASS, some weeks later. The students—if you don't mind how loosely the word is used—have gone home, leaving only the teacher, JOHN GORDON, his daughter, DOROTHY, and CHIC KILEY, who, late as usual, is sketching away in painful silence.

GORDON (over Chic's shoulder): There never was a body like that on land or sea. When I was a student and started out to learn anatomy, I learned anatomy.

DOROTHY (to Chic): This is the place where daddy tells about Germany.

GORDON: I remember in Munich —

DOROTHY: I told you.

GORDON: We had to dissect bodies for a year.

DOROTHY: Phooey!

GORDON (proudly): And when we drew a leg we didn't guess where the tibia was—we knew.

CHIC: That was all right in Germany, but this is the good old U. S. A. (Pause.) What's a tibia?

GORDON: Never mind! (Goes over Chic's drawing with a piece of charcoal.) Can't you see this body is not moving? You give the sensation of motion in a body by distinctly showing in your work which parts of the body are movable and which are not. Remember that the head of a man is a solid structure.

CHIC: And how!

GORDON (glaring at him): It refuses to be twisted and cannot be bent up. The neck is a more loosely jointed thing.

CHIC: I'll say it is.

GORDON (struggling): Then come the fixed structural bones of the chest. The waist again is movable and pliable, but is followed by the structural and bony place at the hips, then to the knee. The whole body consists of flexible parts, inflexible parts —

CHIC: No fooling?

GORDON (disgusted): Never mind. What are you studying art for anyway?

CHIC: I'm going to be a cartoonist and do comic strips.

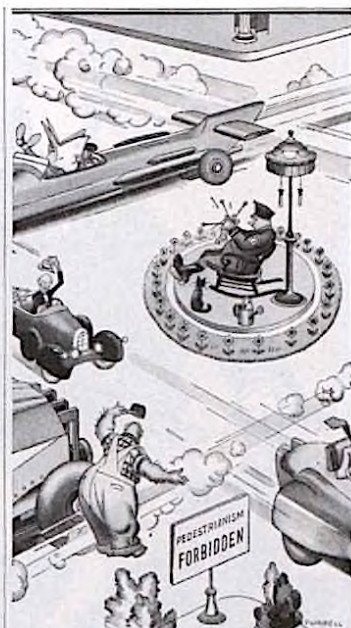
GORDON: Comic strips! And all my life I have been trying to make artists; now I find myself training designers of tomato-can labels and little black-and-white nightmares that jump backwards out of newspaper pictures hollering "Pow" and "Ookle-ookle."

CHIC: Well, there's lots of money in it. Look at the Gumps.

GORDON: Yes, and I suppose there's lots of money in designing Gothic loud-speakers and Renaissance oil burners and radiators that look like radios and radios that sound like radiators.

CHIC: You're too full of Munich and anatomy and tibias. You haven't got real American ideas.

GORDON (getting his hat): Come on, Dorothy. We're wasting time with this, lad.



UNTIL THE MILLENNIUM

SOME day traffic officers will have nothing more to mind than their own knitting. Some day the flaws in human nature will vanish as the morning dew before the rising sun. Some day, but . . . until the millennium—Ætna-ize!

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S P A T S

DOROTHY (*ruffling Chic's hair*): Don't you pick on my Chic. He's sweet, he is.

CHIC: You don't like me much, do you, Mr. Gordon?

GORDON: I'm crazy about you.

CHIC: You'll get used to me. I'm an acquired taste, like oysters.

GORDON: In that case, it'll be always June for you at my house.

DOROTHY: I want to stay and talk to Chic a minute. (*Kisses him.*) 'By, daddy. I'll be home soon.

GORDON: 'By. 'By, Chic.

CHIC: Oh, you'll be seeing me again.

GORDON (*grimly*): Don't I know it? (*Goes out, leaving Chic at his board, sketching. There is a moment of silence.*)

DOROTHY (*with her back to the door*): Well?

CHIC (*looking up absently*): Who? Me? I'm fine, thanks.

DOROTHY: I think you're a big noodle.

CHIC (*squinting at drawing*): It's coming.

DOROTHY: Well, say, if you're not going to pay any attention to me, I'm going.

CHIC (*hurt*): Gee, I'm all right. You know that. I'm just busy—I mean, worried. I mean, I've got to finish this to deliver first thing in the morning. Look. How do you like it?

DOROTHY: What is it?

CHIC: It's a Sunday layout for a story about how all the vamps of history, like Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, had bowlegs.

DOROTHY: You don't say.

CHIC: Sure. It says so in this story. (*Reads*): "Newly discovered tomb of Cleopatra discloses evidence to bear out theory." See, here is where the picture of the tomb goes, and here is a picture of Shakspeare, and George Bernard Shaw, and here's a picture of Cleopatra; and I've got to tie 'em all up together with a decoration and a drawing of a vamp with bowlegs. How do you like it?

DOROTHY: Why profile? Why don't you show her face?

CHIC: I can't draw faces.

DOROTHY: And you have her hands behind her back.

CHIC: I can't draw hands either. But otherwise she's all right, isn't she?

DOROTHY: My dear, the girl has no hands, no face, she is flat where girls bulge and she bulges where girls are flat. Otherwise she's wonderful.

CHIC: Aw, it's good enough. People don't look at anything in the Sunday papers, anyway, except the funnies.

DOROTHY: Then why don't you do funnies, Mister Noodle? There's lots of money in it.

CHIC: I hope to tell you. Take that guy who draws Mister and Missus Squabble; I hear he gets a guaranty of fifty thousand dollars a year and half the syndicate money. He makes more than one hundred thousand dollars a year.

DOROTHY: I like Bringing Up Father.

CHIC: I bet McManus—that's the fellow who draws it—is a millionaire, and then some.

DOROTHY: Well, he should be. It's darn funny. And I like Barney Google too. And Krazy Kat. Why don't you try to create something? All you have to do is get a character of some kind that looks a little bit like almost anybody and does everyday things—

CHIC (*sketching absently*): He might have a round head to start—huh?

DOROTHY (*idly*): Put a mustache on him.

CHIC: Why?

DOROTHY: I don't know. They tickle me.

CHIC: Who's been tickling you?

DOROTHY: You know what I mean—I think they're kinda goofy. (*Takes charcoal.*) There. How's that?

CHIC: Should we make him tall or short?

DOROTHY: Short. Short people are always being picked on, and that's funny to people who are always being picked on too.

CHIC: How's that?

DOROTHY: And now we put a derby on him. (*Draws.*) There.

CHIC: I was just going to suggest a derby. That's good.

DOROTHY (*drawing*): And then we give him some of those fancy checked clothes, like they always wear—big cheeks.

CHIC: Here, let me do it. How's that?

DOROTHY: He looks too happy; he oughta look kinda worried. (*Looks at Chic.*) All funny people look worried. You're funny, Mister Noodle, and you look worried.

CHIC: I'm not so funny.

DOROTHY: You are to me.

CHIC (*hurt*): Oh, am I?

DOROTHY: Yes. Funny and sweet, I mean—sweet and darling—and funny.

CHIC (*hugging her*): You're pretty sweet yourself. (*They kiss.*)

DOROTHY: Oh-h-h. (*Looking at him tenderly*): Oh, Mister Noodle, that was nice.

CHIC: More!

DOROTHY: That's all now. Look at our creation. He's looking at us—so sad too.

CHIC: You know, I think he looks pretty good. We ought to call him something. Huh?

DOROTHY: Well, let me see. He ought to have a simple name—a mister—mister—

CHIC: Yes, he oughta be a mister something. How's Smith?

DOROTHY: Oh, no. Something cuter, snappier.

CHIC: Wiggins?

DOROTHY: I got it. We'll name him after you—Mister Noodle.

CHIC: That's no good.

DOROTHY: No good, my eye. That's swell, Mister Noodle—Mister Noodle—sounds better all the time.

CHIC (*reflecting*): Mister Noodle. It does sorta fit him, at that.

DOROTHY: Mister Noodle. Hello, Mister Noodle. Sure, it fits him. He almost answers to it. Finish him up. Put some feet on him. (*As Chic draws*): Bigger, much bigger—he must have big shoes so he can jump out of them at the end of the picture.

CHIC: You mean when he says Oogle?

DOROTHY: Pow!

CHIC (*drawing*): How's those for dogs?

DOROTHY: Swell! Hot Tot! Introducing the new comedy cartoon creation, Mister Noodle, by the famous Chic Kiley. (*Pushes down his head.*) Bow, darn you!

CHIC (*puzzled*): You know, he does look darn good to me. I didn't know I had it in me.

DOROTHY: Aw, you have more than that in you. Come on, you're not finished yet.

CHIC: I think he's all right as is.

DOROTHY: He's all right. But, you know, "It is not good for man to be alone. Let us make unto him a help-mate."

CHIC: Oh, a Missus Noodle?

DOROTHY: Sure.

CHIC: Ought she be taller than Mister Noodle, or shorter?

DOROTHY: Taller, of course. So she can hit him on the head with a rolling

pin. . . . Her nose is too long; oughta be stubby.

CHIC: Long skirts?

DOROTHY: Sure. Besides, you can't draw legs.

CHIC: You pose so I can get the legs.

DOROTHY: Didn't you ever look at my legs?

CHIC: I'm looking at them now.

DOROTHY (poses, holding up skirt): How's that?

CHIC (squinting): Higher. (She raises skirt above knee.) A little more. There. (He sketches silently.)

DOROTHY: I wish daddy could draw comics, or something there's money in. He's worried about his job here. I can tell.

CHIC: Oh, he'll be all right.

DOROTHY: It isn't as if he could step right out and get another job teaching. What could he do? All the schools are getting commercial.

CHIC: Well, tempus fugits. He oughta teach what they want if they don't want what he teaches.

DOROTHY: He can't change now. And he wouldn't if he could. And I admire him for it. But it's tough just the same. Poor daddy.

CHIC: Yeh, it's tough. But you needn't worry. String along with me and you'll be wearing diamonds as big as goose eggs.

DOROTHY: I'll be lucky to get goose eggs as big as diamonds.

CHIC: I gotta see more of your legs.

DOROTHY: Draw what you can see and imagine the rest.

CHIC: There, that's better. Come and look. (Laughing.) Gee, that's funny!

DOROTHY (critically): The lady certainly has no sex appeal. Well, wives never do in the comics. That's what makes them funny, I guess. Come on, put some clothes on her. She isn't decent.

CHIC: What kind?

DOROTHY: Here, let me do it. (Drawing.) You really ought to design them. Your idea of women's clothes is so funny. There, how's that?

CHIC: Heh, heh! That's good. Gee, that's a honey. Here, I'll do the feet.

DOROTHY: That's getting it. There she is. I'll finish making up the face. (Draws.) There. How's that? Introducing another new comedy cartoon creation—Missus Noodle, by the world renowned comic artist, Chic Kiley. Applause!

CHIC (bowing): I thank you.

DOROTHY: Speech! Speech!

CHIC: Ladies and gentlemen: Unaccustomed as I am —

DOROTHY (putting hand over his mouth): That's enough.

CHIC (kissing her): Ah, you're adorable. Get away closer.

DOROTHY: Your shoulders are so strong and comfortable.

CHIC: I wish I could show Mister Noodle to the boss tomorrow, but he won't be back until after Christmas.

DOROTHY: Are you really going down to see your mother Christmas?

CHIC: Yes.

DOROTHY: I'll miss you.

CHIC: I'll miss you too.

DOROTHY: But I'm just selfish, I guess. You haven't spent Christmas with your mother for how long?

CHIC: Oh, years.

DOROTHY: She'll be glad to see you.

CHIC: Oh, sure.

DOROTHY: You'll hurry right back, won't you?

CHIC: You bet.

DOROTHY: You might be working on Mister Noodle down there, and have it all ready for the boss by the time he gets back.

CHIC: Say, that's an idea. I'll finish up a flock of 'em and mail 'em to him, and if he falls for 'em—boy, we'll get married just like that! (Kisses her.)

DOROTHY: That'll be nice.

CHIC (kissing her again): And that?

DOROTHY: That'll be nice too. But the editor will want more than just a Mister Noodle and a Missus Noodle. They must have a tough little brat who puts tacks on chairs. Call him Tuffy. Isn't that cute? And a daughter with a sweetie for love interest.

CHIC: Oh, sure. I'll have everything. And lots of funny jokes.

DOROTHY: And you'll get rich and famous.

CHIC: Sure thing!

DOROTHY: And then you won't know me any more. You'll get tired of me.

CHIC: As if I could get tired of you. Not me.

DOROTHY: That's what they all say.

CHIC: I know. But I'll be different. No matter how rich I get or how famous —

DOROTHY: You'll always be my Mister Noodle?

CHIC: Always and always. And you'll always be my Missus Noodle?

DOROTHY: Oh, you know it, honey.

CHIC: Darling!

DOROTHY: Sweetheart! Stop . . . please! Chic, darling. (Pushes him away.)

CHIC: One more kiss, please, darling.

DOROTHY: Just one. (Gives him a quick peck.) Come on now. Heads up! You'll have to show the boss something besides just the characters—something funny. He's gotta like Mister Noodle. He's just gotta.

CHIC: All right. What do we do first?

DOROTHY: Now, let's see; we start with Mister Noodle, Missus Noodle and little Tuffy Noodle; the other characters can wait. Come on, let's work.

CHIC: Sit on my lap.

DOROTHY (gayly): Work, I said.

CHIC (dolefully): Oh, all right then; let's go.

III

YOU could be putting a little coal on the grate, Annie, and picking up here and there, without a body telling you every hand's turn. Why, you're eight now, going on nine—old enough to know how to do things. When I was eight I could make sody biscuits. Help me a little with the Christmas tree. Don't strain your back. We'll push it this way a little and it'll cover the worn spot. Charlie will be noticing everything when he comes from the Big City, and he'll start harping again. "Mother, why don't you get a new carpet?" he'll say. Well, I'll just turn this in the spring again, and it'll be just like new. A penny saved is a penny earned, and don't you forget it, Annie. He who goes a-borrowin' goes a-sorrowin'.

That train ought to be along any minute now. Are you listening for the whistle? You ought to hear it a long ways off. Little pitchers have big ears. My hearing isn't as good as it used to be, and my eyes are going back on me, too, but my mother could read fine print without glasses up to the day she died. Eighty-seven she was, and with hair the red-gold color of yours. I guess that's where you get it, although your mother didn't have it, or her mother before her. That train ought to be along here any minute now. Hasn't it whistled yet? When you hear the whistle, it'll be just under the hill.

Wouldn't it be terrible if Charlie wasn't on it? He could have missed it, you know. He was always missing trains. You could never rely on him from one minute to the next. Always

Don't choke your scalp!

encrusted dust and perspiration resist soap and water



REGULAR shampooing is not enough! Dust, dandruff and perspiration stop up the scalp pores and hair follicles. Unless you keep the follicles open, new hair cannot grow out, so be warned in time and follow this easy treatment for perfect scalp health.

First, a liberal application of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to cleanse and lubricate. Then a vigorous massage to work in the Tonic and stimulate the circulation of growth-promoting blood. And last, a shampoo with mild soap. Your scalp will be clean, healthy and able to function normally.

Isn't a good head of hair worth this slight effort? Begin the "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatment today—and continue it once a week.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic inshakertop bottles—two sizes—at any good drug store. A product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"Oh-h-h, He Doesn't Answer!
Something's Happened. I Know
Something's Happened!"

IV

OFFICE of Business Manager, Art Institute, Chicago.

Busy, Miss Kay?

No.

Take a letter. "Mr. John Gordon"—let me see—address it to the school here—no, send it to his house. Look it up. . . . "Dear Mr. Gordon: As you know, the new business administration of the Art Institute"—no, that isn't quite it. Let me see. . . . "As you are fully aware, the policy of the school department has—has —" Oh, he knows all that. We'll just make it simple and direct, and at the same time let him down as easy as we can. . . . "Dear Mr. Gordon: I am sorry to inform you that it has been decided to discontinue the classes you are now teaching here at the Art Institute and to take care of such of your students as wish to specialize in commercial art in the various other classes, advertising, illustration, and so on." Paragraph. "We feel sure you would not be interested in teaching any of those classes, and though we regret to sever such a long and enjoyable connection, we know you will welcome the opportunity to devote your great talent and long experience to—" What the devil do I say here? Let me see. Take that last paragraph again. Read it back to me.

"Welcome opportunity to devote great talent long experience to —"

What's the rest of it?

That's all.

That doesn't make sense.

I can't help it. That's what's in my notes.

All right, then. Let me see. — devote your great talent and long experience to a field where you

will be happier and more in tune with—tune with —" Oh, you finish it up. Let him down easy, but be sure he knows he's fired.

What about Dorothy? Does she go on being monitor?

If she wants to, but she'll go with her father. You can be sure of that. Nice kid. Sorry for her. Him, too, but what're you going to do? Has only a handful of students, and losing them all the time to the commercial classes. He'll have a tough time getting another berth like this one—he's so old-fashioned. Hope he's saved some money.

On what he gets here? That's a laugh.

Never mind. Three copies of that.

Yes, sir. I'll read it back to you. "Sorry to inform you has been decided to discontinue classes you are teaching here art inst too."

CHICAGO STAR,
INTEROFFICE MEMO.

MR. JAMES P. MASON,
EDITOR,
CHICAGO STAR,
CITY.

DEAR MR. MASON: Here are six new comic strips, submitted by Chic Kiley, who has been in the Sunday art department for last few months, doing layouts. As you can see from these samples,

they are badly drawn and more of the gag comic than the continuity strip, which has proved the most successful with us. However, I know you always want to see anything new that is submitted by anyone on the staff, so I am passing these along to you. The names of the characters aren't bad—Mister Noodle, Missus Noodle and Tuffy Noodle. Of course, you may see something in this stuff that I don't, but, personally, I don't think it has any chance in the syndicate in its present form.

CHICAGO STAR SYNDICATE,
ARTHUR LAKE, MANAGER.

DIXON, Illinois.

CHIC DARLING: I try to write to you every day, but I can't. Everything's all up in the air, all so strange and upset and mixed up. Daddy is still dazed about the school. He was very brave and gay at first, and said, "Now I'll have a chance to do what I've always wanted to do—exhibit my own work and do some painting myself—instead of trying to teach a lot of fools who don't know what I'm talking about half the time." But it isn't working out at all, Chic. We have been going from one little town to another, and daddy gets the sample room in the hotel and we hang the pictures and the local clubwomen have teas and say, "Of course, Mr. Gordon, we'd love to have one of your pictures, but they're so expensive." If it isn't that, they like it, but it's too big to go over the mantel. So, after a few weeks of that, and lots of tea and write-ups in the local paper, we go to the next town and do it all over again.

Well, there's no use in burdening you with my troubles, because you have enough of your own. I'm

sure you must have, because I don't hear much from you, and nothing at all about Mister Noodle. I'm so anxious, dear, to hear what's happened. Did the syndicate like the strips and are they going to start running them? Please write and tell me, darling. You know it means so much. I hate being away from you, but we needn't be always, need we? I know Mister Noodle is going to be a big success and I can close my eyes any time and see him standing between us and joining our hands and saying, "Bless you, my children."

I love you, darling. Don't pay any attention to the first part of this letter. Everything will work out all right. I'm not blue, but I hate to see daddy so worried all the time. He's so much smarter and grander than all these silly people he has to please in order to make a living. Do write me a nice long letter. You write such skimpy little notes, but then, I know you are busy, and I know you are working night and day on Mister Noodle, aren't you, darling? You'd better or I'll come right back to Chicago and smack your sassy face ever so severely.

All my love, DOROTHY.

P. S.: Next week we'll be in Alton. I don't know just where yet, so write to me here and they'll forward it.

OFFICE OF JAMES P. MASON, EDITOR, CHICAGO STAR

SECRETARY: You have another meeting, Mr. Mason. Editorial conference, 11:30.

MASON: Cancel it. Just tell Cliff I said to give Coolidge hell on this pussyfooting. We'll use it for the lead editorial, double column. Caption it "Come on, say something!" He can go on from that. Anybody waiting outside?

SECRETARY: There's a Chic Kiley.

MASON: Who? What does he want? Never mind. I'll see him some other time. Wire Toronto office take up option on ten thousand acres pulpwood in Belly River country and duplicate our pulp mill now operating in Ontario. Cable Paris correspondent get whereabouts Jones, now in Russia. Tell him get details on oil concession and cable two thousand words. And get me four tickets for the bike race to-night. 'By. Going out to get some air.



CHIC (flagging him as he passes through outer office): Oh, Mr. Mason.

MASON: Yes? What do you want?

CHIC: Well, I thought—I mean, you said—I mean, you sent for me, didn't you?

MASON: Who are you? Do you work here?

CHIC: Yes, sir. I'm in the Sunday art department.

MASON: Well, take it up with the Sunday editor.

CHIC: But you sent for me, Mr. Mason. Said you wanted to see me.

MASON: What about? . . . Come along. You can talk to me on the way out. But I can tell you we're

cutting down all along the line. Too many in the art department now.

CHIC (breathlessly trying to keep up as MASON strides down the hall to the elevators): I did some strips and turned them into the syndicate department, Mr. Mason.

MASON: Strips? What strips?

CHIC: They were called Mister Noodle.

MASON: Noodle? Noodle? Well, that's all right, I guess. Are they funny?

CHIC: I think so, Mr. Mason.

MASON: Oh, you do. Does anybody else think so? Send them to the syndicate.

CHIC: I did.

MASON: Well, what did Lake say?

CHIC: He—well, he didn't say much. He just sort of—I guess he didn't—well, he just—

MASON: He doesn't know what it's all about, anyway. If he doesn't like 'em there must be something to 'em. What's the name again? Mister Boodle? . . . GOING DOWN! . . . Come on. Hop in. . . . Why do you want to do comic strips?

CHIC: Well, I don't know—

MASON: That's just as good a reason as any. How old are you? Are you married? Do you know anything about people? Do you go to the movies?

CHIC: Yes, sir.

MASON: Good place to study people. You can hear what they laugh at and cry about. How long have you been drawing? I remember the strips now. You're pretty terrible.

CHIC: Just a little while.

MASON: It doesn't matter. . . . Boodle? Mister Boodle?

CHIC: Noodle, Mr. Mason—Mister Noodle!

MASON: He should be Smart-Alecky, knows it all. Missus Noodle, wife, never satisfied, always wanting something—family strip. . . . GOING OUT! OUT HERE! . . . Come on. There's a kid, too, isn't there? That's good. Kids are good. They get bellyaches and give the public something to worry about. They love to worry. They have so many worries of their own they love to see others worry.

CHIC: Yes, sir.

MASON: One of those strips had something about Jupiter in it, didn't it? No good. Never use words like Jupiter. People who read comic strips never heard of Jupiter. Don't want to hear of Jupiter.

CHIC: Why, everybody knows about Jupiter.

MASON: My boy, let me tell you something. This paper has printed hundreds of questionnaires and prize contests for the correct answers on the simplest subjects, and we have found by experience that the average person knows only three things. Do you know what they are?

CHIC: No, sir.

MASON: He knows his name; he knows his parents; and he

knows where he lives. And that's all he does know. Remember that if you're going to be a comic-strip artist.

CHIC: Yes, sir.

MASON: Always tell 'em something they already know. The better they know it the better they like it. Show 'em things they do. What do people do? They eat and drink and make love and marry and have children, who eat and drink and make love and marry and have children. That's not news, but they like to hear about it. It encourages them to do the same. And the more they do it the bigger our circulation gets.

CHIC: Is that all?

MASON: That's about all. Just stick to that and you'll have enough material to run Mister Noodle for a few thousand years anyway.

CHIC: I was thinking maybe I'd have Mister Noodle get rich later on, and famous, or something—

MASON: See that truck driver over there? Whenever you do anything for a newspaper keep that truck driver in your mind, because there's a heluva lot more of him than there are of you. And a good thing too. . . . TAXI! HEY, TAXI! . . . Go ahead and do some more of those strips. I like the name. We'll try it out in the paper; if it goes, we'll syndicate it. . . . TAXI! Oriental Theater. . . . Get four weeks ahead and we'll start running it. 'By.

CHIC (dazed): Yes, sir!

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MISSUS NOODLE: Well, baby, I put it over. You should have heard me. Did I tell that guy Lake in the syndicate department! "Look here," I said; "you don't think those strips are good? Did you ever do any strips? Are you an artist? Are you a creator?" I tell you, Dorothy, he was limp when I got through with him. "You send those strips in to the big boss," I says to him. "He knows strips." And he says, "Yeah?" And I says, "Yeah." And that just sort of finished him. I guess he must have sent them right in, because just a few days later I got a call from Mason's office. He wanted to see me right away. So I went in there, and right off the bat he said, "Now, about those Noodle strips. Lake, in the syndicate department, didn't think much of them; but he doesn't know anything about the creative end of

(Continued on Page 109)



ARTHUR
WILLIAM
BROWN-
30

"And I Says, 'Well, You'd Better Do Something Big and Handsome, Because I Have Offers,' and He Says, 'You Have?' And I Says, 'Of Course, I Have.' Of Course I Didn't Have; But I Thought I'd Bluff Him'"

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 21)

the business.' And I said, "I'll say he doesn't." And he doesn't, either, Dorothy.

Well, we had a nice talk. Mason is a grand guy. He took me around the building and we walked down the street together, and I guess I must have impressed him, because, after a swell talk, he said, "You get up four weeks' supply and we'll try it in the paper here, and if it works out, we'll syndicate." And next Monday morning it starts, Dorothy, but you're going to be surprised, because I've changed it a lot. I've been thinking about the characters, and it seems to me Mister Noodle ought to be more of the Smart-Alecky, know-it-all type, and Missus Noodle sort of nags him and is always complaining about not having this and that. You know, real human interest, family life. That's where I think we were wrong before, or at least you were, because, you remember, you wanted jokes in it, but what we really should have is everyday things that people know about.

You know, Dorothy, people don't know very much. The fact is the average fellow just about knows his name and where he lives. That's about all. You see, I've been doing a lot of thinking about this, and in order to make Mister Noodle successful, I've got to make the characters more like regular people. In other words, they just eat and drink and make love and get married and have children, who eat and drink and make love and get married and have children, who eat and drink, and so on. Get the idea, Dorothy? Pretty good, eh?

Well, I guess I'll close. I've got to catch up on my Sunday work, which I'm still doing, but not for long, eh, baby? No, sir! I do miss you a lot. When will you be back in old Chic?

YOUR LOVING CHIC.
(Creator of Mister Noodle.)

ARE YOU READING MISTER NOODLE?

Ridiculous—Human—Lovable—Silly. The Noodle Family, by Chic Kiley, is winning the hearts of Chicago!

AND GOOD NEWS!

Coming Soon—Mister Noodle, a full page, every Sunday in colors.

Pa will chortle.

Ma will giggle.

Junior will grow.

Laugh and cry every day with Mister Noodle in THE CHICAGO STAR.

MEMO

To: CHIC KILEY
Re: MISTER NOODLE

About time now to give the Noodles a daughter—Dottie, Lottie, something like that. About eighteen or twenty. She might have been away to school or something and just returned. Slim, blonde, not too flat in the back. Use your bean, but don't get a headache.

HAVE YOU MET SWEET DOTTIE NOODLE?

Modern, snappy, lovable, wholesome. The Noodle Family, by Chic Kiley, is sweeping the city. Everybody is learning to know and love Mister Noodle, Missus Noodle, little Tuffy Noodle, and now sweet Dottie Noodle.

Every day in the Star—

Every Sunday in the Star—

HELLO, NOODLE! HELLO, NOODLE!

HELLO, NOODLE!

CHICAGO STAR

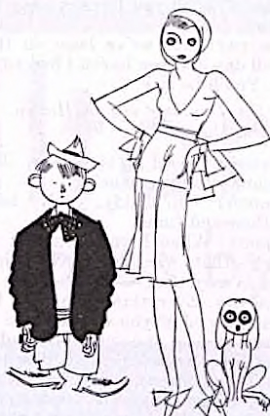
TO THE HEADS OF ALL DEPARTMENTS:
(Post This on Your Bulletin Board)

Idea wanted for Mister Noodle.

Five dollars for each and every daily idea accepted.

Ten dollars for each and every Sunday idea accepted.

Twenty-five dollars for a daily catch line or slogan that we can use in our advertising.



TUFFY, DOTTIE & GOFY NOODLE
by CHIC KILEY

Write plainly, sign your name and turn them in to the managing editor's office.

MEMO

To: CHIC KILEY
Re: MISTER NOODLE

Dottie Noodle fair enough, but should be smarter. See that she wears the newest styles. Get someone to help you if you don't know anything about it. Introduce a boy friend. Collegiate, good-looking, but useless. Family don't like him. His name is Speed something—doesn't much matter what. And you better give the Old Man something to do besides bellyaching around the house. Playing the market will be all right until I have time to think of something better. Start some kind of a long-distance necking contest between Speed and Dottie. Make it hot, but keep it clean. Don't forget the last frontier of old-fashioned virtue is the comic strip.

MASON.

HELLO EVERYBODY!
MEET CHIC KILEY,

The New Creative Comic Artist.

In less than three months this young genius has made Mister Noodle a household word. Everyone is reading Mister Noodle, everyone is talking about Mister Noodle. What's going to happen next? There's no telling when a man like Chic Kiley is pouring out ideas all the time—Gay ideas! Sad ideas! Whimsical ideas! Uproariously funny ideas!

Are you following Mister Noodle in the market?

Are you thrilled with Dottie Noodle's romance?

Laugh with Mister Noodle.

Cry with Mister Noodle.

Thrill with Mister Noodle.

Every day in the Star!

Every Sunday in the Star!

HELLO, NOODLE! HELLO, NOODLE!

HELLO, NOODLE!

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MOTHER: Well, I guess you're pretty proud of me, aren't you? If you aren't, you certainly should be. I told you I was going to make good in the big city. Well, I've certainly got them eating out of my

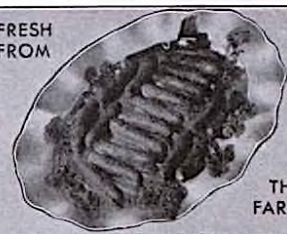
hand. The whole town is crazy about Mister Noodle. That's all you can hear. All the fellows I used to work with in the art department are just green with jealousy. And the other night I ran into some of the fellows that I used to study art with over at the Art Institute. You know, just a few months ago, drawing models and all that stuff. And they said, "Well, you certainly are a lucky stiff." That's always the way, mother. You never get any credit for industry or intelligence. People just sit around and knock you and discourage you, but if you succeed, they told you so, or it's all luck. Luck my eye! It's brains, that's what it is. Brains and perseverance and knowing what people want.

Why, I've got a series running now, mother, showing Mister Noodle playing the stock market, and everybody in Chicago is excited about it, wondering if he's going to make a fortune or lose it. And when I'm invited out to banquets and things, they all crowd around me and say, "Come on now, Chic. Tell us, is Mister Noodle going to make a lot of money, or isn't he?" You'd be surprised at all the banquets I go to now, mother, and I've got membership cards to the Chicago Athletic and three or four golf clubs and the Forty Club and the Midday Lunch Club. They're all glad to have me in their clubs now, because I'm getting so famous. And you ought to hear them when I come in. "Oh, look, there's Chic Kiley, the fellow that draws Mister Noodle. Hello, Chic. Come on over, Chic." Well, that all goes to prove that if you make a better mouse trap, and so on. Though, of course there's no comparison between Mister Noodle and a mouse trap.

Now, look here, mother; I don't understand why you never say anything about Mister Noodle in your letters. Don't you see it running in the Star? It's on the top of the sport page every day, and I heard the other day they're going to take it off of the sport page and run it on the first page of the second section. I guess that ought to convince even you what they think about it. And that isn't all, either, mother. Mason sent word he wanted to see me the first part of next week. And I know what that means. He isn't calling me in there to fire me. It means a raise and a contract, and that means they'll start in syndicating it. And that means a big guaranty and a share in the syndicate sales to the other newspapers. Well, mother, if I told you how much money that might amount to, you'd think I was crazy. So I won't say anything about it till it happens. I can only say that fellows like Sid Smith and Bud Fisher make more than a hundred thousand dollars a year, and they haven't got anything I haven't got. In fact, I'm a darn sight better, believe it or not.

And now, mother, brace yourself for the big news. I've saved it for the last. I guess you aren't going to be very pleased, but I wish you'd try. I'm going to get married. And, of course, you know who the lucky girl is—the same Dorothy I've been writing to you about. She's been out of town quite a bit with her father, trying to sell his pictures, but that was a big flop. I could have told him that. I guess he's a good-enough artist all right, but he doesn't know anything about what people like. Anyway, I've been writing Dorothy a lot, and now we're only

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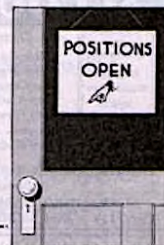
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waiting to see what Mason says when I go in to talk to him next week. If I get a raise and a contract, and he decides to syndicate Mister Noodle, we're going to get married right away. We've already got the cutest little house picked out in Evanston. You wouldn't know where that is, but it's all right. We're going to have a very quiet, quick wedding, because I haven't any time to go on a honeymoon. I'm always just on the deadline with Mister Noodle. Ideas aren't easy to get, believe me, but when I do get them they're wows.

Well, anyway, we're going to have a big housewarming as soon as we move in, and a big party, and I want you to come up and see the new house and meet Dorothy and help me to celebrate my big success. I know how you feel about her, but you're going to love her when you meet her. She's more like you are when you're not crabbing—when you're rushing around doing things for a fellow.

Your loving son, CHIC.

P. S.: I'll have a basement in my new house, so you can send all the apples you want to. And jelly too.

(From the Johnson County News)
GUM SPRINGS LOCAL

We are always glad to hear when a home-town boy makes good. This week our friend and neighbor, Mrs. Mary Kiley, tells us, with considerable pride, that her boy Charlie, who we all remember from a little shaver, is doing some funny drawings now, called Mister Noodle, and they are quite the talk of Chicago. We haven't seen them, but we are quite sure that anything Charlie turns his hand to will be a credit to him and to Gum Springs. We also hear he is still heart whole and fancy free. Come on, girls. Here's a challenge to your charms!

GUM SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR SON: You can marry anybody you please, and when you've made your bed you can lie in it. And as for your Mister Noodle or whatever it is, I don't see any reason why I should be proud of it. I think it's a lot of silly nonsense, and if everybody in Chicago is crazy about it, why, so much the worse for everybody in Chicago. To tell you the truth, you haven't been acting very sane yourself lately. I guess, though, you think you're some shucks, going to dinners and giving speeches, and having a lot of people making a big hullabaloo about you. And for what? The Lord only knows, I don't. They certainly don't care anything for you, but of course you'll pay more attention to people who don't care for you than you will to your mother who has always had your best interests at heart.

Anyway, I thank you just the same for your kind invitation to see your new house. You might have invited me to your wedding to see the girl you are going to marry against my wishes, but I guess I'm supposed to be satisfied with what little I get. I'll probably come to see you when you're settled, although I was never to Chicago but once, and I was glad to get home again and get the rattle and roar out of my ears. But I'll have to meet your wife sometime, I guess, although I don't mind saying you needn't have gone so far to fare so badly. A model! Of all things! Oh, well, no cross, no crown. Marry who you like and when you please, but don't forget there's more a-marrying than's a-doing well.

MOTHER.

[A blue haze of tobacco, a warm cloud of cooking, and round pink faces shining above steaming trays; a homely clatter

of steel knives and heavy dishes and the pound of dripping steins on solid old tables, gay in their red-checked coverings. JOHN GORDON and DOROTHY, nibbling, not eating; talking, not singing; and the little round-bellied, flat-footed waiters gaze reproachfully at them over the swinging doors.

DOROTHY: Come on, daddy. Eat your knockwurst.

GORDON: I tell you I'm not hungry, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: But we've been on the train all day and you haven't had anything. You'll be sick.

"Du, Du, liegst mir im Herzen, Du, Du —"

GORDON: I used to sing that. Do you know what it means?

DOROTHY: Oh, daddy, you've told me a thousand times.

GORDON: When I was a student in Munich—that was gay; everything looked so easy then —

DOROTHY: Everything's going to be all right now. Just you wait and see.

GORDON: — and sure. You had a hold of life. Knowledge meant something. Talent meant something. Now nothing means anything. Jazz, gin, slam it out, put it over and grab while the grabbing's good.

DOROTHY: Come on, daddy. Eat something. The red cabbage is swell.

GORDON (bitterly): Musty hotel rooms, skimpy luncheons—chicken croquettes and bile-green peas—receptions. "And now it is my great pleasure and privilege to introduce that famous artist and teacher, formerly of the Art Institute staff in Chicago, Mr. John—er—er—Golden—I BEG your pardon—Gordon, whose beautiful exhibition is hanging all this week in the New Palace Hotel."

DOROTHY: Oh, daddy, you're a swell mimic; that's just like them. Stupid, aren't they?

GORDON: Not so stupid. My best pictures are still hanging there. We had to leave them in one hotel after another to pay the bills.

"Ja, ja, ja, ja.
Weisst nicht wie gut ich dir bin."

DOROTHY: Let's not talk about it any more. We'll get along all right. Chic wrote me about some big murals they're going to have in the city room of the new Star Building. Maybe you could get that job.

GORDON: Chic! As if anyone could depend on anything he says. He can't even show up on time to have dinner with you the first night you're back in town.

DOROTHY: He must be tied up at the office. He said for us to go ahead and he'd join us just as soon as he saw Mason.

GORDON: What about?

DOROTHY: I've told you a dozen times, daddy. Chic says Mister Noodle has been such a big hit in the Star that he's sure Mason is going to give him a contract tonight, and agree to syndicate it. Oh, daddy, if he only does! I'm so excited. What time is it anyway?

GORDON: Time he was here. We've been waiting for him nearly two hours.

DOROTHY: Mason is a big man. He owns the paper. I guess Chic has to wait until he gets ready to see him. Let's have another seidel.

GORDON: Herr ober? Zwei seidel. . . . What's Chic making now?

DOROTHY: He's had a raise since he started Mister Noodle. He's getting seventy-five.

GORDON: Seventy-five what?

DOROTHY: Seventy-five dollars a week.

GORDON: Well, it doesn't make much difference what he's getting. He isn't worth it. Of all the terrible-awful drawing, Mister Noodle is the limit.

DOROTHY: It isn't supposed to be good drawing, daddy. It's supposed to be funny.

GORDON: It isn't even funny.

DOROTHY: Well, he's got good ideas anyway.

GORDON: He hasn't got an idea in his head. He never had. He never will have. All he's got is a lot of crust. What in the world a smart sensible girl like you can see in him is just too much for me.

DOROTHY: I guess there isn't any use in my telling you. You just wouldn't understand.

GORDON: I guess not. I don't seem to understand anything any more. Here's a simpleton, who can't draw, has no sense of humor, and he'll probably wind up famous and a millionaire. That, of course, I don't mind, but what does worry me is that you're going to be very very unhappy about this boy before it's all over.

DOROTHY: How can you say that, daddy? You don't know Chic like I do.

GORDON: You don't know Chic at all, honey. You're in love with a character you've made up yourself.

DOROTHY: How can you say that!

GORDON: Listen to an old man, Dorothy. This boy you've set your heart on is just as unreal as his Mister Noodle. How can you be in love with the real Chic when there isn't any? The kid who was in my art class and the kid who is now the talk of Chicago are two entirely different persons, and the more successful he gets the more he'll change.

DOROTHY: Well, anyway, he's in love with me, daddy.

GORDON: There's only one person in the world he's in love with, Dorothy, and that's Chic. And he's going to get crazier about him all the time.

DOROTHY: I don't believe it.

"Du, Du, liegst mir im Herzen, Du, Du, liegst mir im Sinn."

GORDON: No, I suppose not. You'll want to find out everything for yourself. Well, fathers would like to be God to their children and save them a few heartbreaks, but children won't believe it; they think the old man is just an old fool or else a busybody.

DOROTHY: I don't think anything of the kind, daddy, but you don't understand Chic, and I do. He's just like a big baby sometimes, but he's got such a good heart, and I love him, and as soon as we can afford it we want to get married and have a little home, and we'll be just like three little bugs in a rug.

GORDON: And who's the third little bug in this beautiful zoo?

DOROTHY: You, daddy.

GORDON: Until —

DOROTHY: Don't be in such a hurry. Remember, you can't be God to your children, or your grandchildren either. Oh, look! There's Chic. . . . CHIC! COME HERE! CHIC!

WAITER (bouncing over happily): Was ist?

DOROTHY: Not you. . . . CHIC! Oh, Chic, darling! . . . That's all right. Daddy doesn't care. Go ahead, muss me up. Oh-h-h, Chic, darling! Gee, it's good to see you!

CHIC: Lo, Gordon. How's tricks?

GORDON: Sit down, Chic. What are you having?

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

CHIC: Not much. Not very hungry. I couldn't eat. Boy, oh, boy, I'm sitting on top of the world! Hot dog!

GORDON: We've been waiting for you.

CHIC: Sorry, but I couldn't help it. Had to wait to see Mason, and then I went back up to the syndicate with Lake and we had a few drinks to celebrate.

GORDON: A few?

CHIC: Well, a lot, then. What of it? I've got something to celebrate. Do you know what happened? Listen.

DOROTHY: You got a contract! Did you, Chic?

CHIC: A contract! Say, listen. Mason calls me in and says, "Well, your Mister Noodle has been going along pretty good." And I says, "Are you telling me? Why, it's the talk of the town." And he says, "I know. And I think it's about time we syndicated it. Whadda you say, Chic?" And I says, "Well, if you don't, the papers all over the country are gonna come right in and take it away from you." . . . HEY, WAITER!

DOROTHY: Don't you think you've had enough, dear?

CHIC: I've never had enough. I may get too much, but never enough. What was I saying? Oh, yes. Well, Mason says, "What do you think we oughta do?" And I says, "Well, you'd better do something big and handsome, because I have offers," and he says, "You have?" And I says, "Of course, I have." Of course I didn't have, but I thought I'd bluff him. And he says, "Well, I thought we'd double your salary and give you a year's contract. How's that?" And I says, "Boloney." And he says, "Well, two hundred a week." And I says, "Malacky." And he says, "Two-fifty." "Horse feathers," says I. Well, guess what I got!

DOROTHY: Oh, Chic; how much?

CHIC: You guess, Gordon. Come on.

GORDON: I think I'll go home, Dorothy.

CHIC: Nothing doing; you've gotta listen. Can't guess, eh? I'm not surprised. Well, three hundred and fifty bucks a week. Every week! That's dough, eh, Gordon? Is that dough, or isn't it? And that's just the start. Listen; when it gets going in the syndicate, five hundred a week, a thousand a week, fifteen hundred a week, two thousand a week. . . . HEY, WAITER!

GORDON: Come on, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Oh, daddy, wait a minute—just a minute, please.

CHIC: Oh, look—look. There's some fellas from the syndicate. . . . HEY, FELLAS! COME ON

OVER! . . . That's Clark who runs the syndicate. . . . That's a couple salesmen. Well, I'll give 'em something to sell. . . . Here, fellas, get some chairs. . . . WAITER! Some chairs. . . . Fellas, meet John Gordon. He's a pretty good artist too. . . . Aren't you, Gordon? . . . And the sweetest little girl in the world. My girl—Dorothy Gordon. Ain't she sweet? . . . This is Mr. Clark. I don't remember your names. Introduce yourselves. Sit down. What're you gonna have? . . . HEY, WAITER! Well, boys, whadda you think of Mister Noodle now? Hot dog! We'll burn that syndicate up. We'll bust it wide open. . . . Gordon, these are the fellas that're gonna sell Mister Noodle all over the country, aren't you, boys? . . . Hey! Gordon! You aren't going, are you? What're you going for? Here, sit down; have a drink. Celebrate Mister Noodle. . . . Say you—what's your name? . . . Sam? Well, Sam, do you know how much I'm getting for Mister Noodle now? Three times as much as you'll ever get.

GORDON: Come on, Dorothy. We've got to be going.

CHIC: She's gonna stay here, aren't you, Dorothy? She's gonna stay here and celebrate Mister Noodle.

DOROTHY: I'll stay just a minute, daddy. Then Chic'll bring me right home. Won't you, Chic?

CHIC: Sure I will. S'long, Gordon. S'long. Some day I want you to do a real painting of Mister Noodle. Big oil painting. Mister Noodle in a high silk hat with a big flower in his buttonhole. . . . He didn't hear me. I guess he's sore. . . . What's your old man sore about, Dorothy? Doesn't seem glad about Mister Noodle. Well, who cares? You're glad, anyway, aren't you? Come on. You've gotta celebrate

Mister Noodle. Come on, everybody. Down you go. That-a-girl. . . . HEY, WAITER! Same all around. HEY, FELLAS! HEY! . . . There's some guys in the art department. . . . COME ON OVER HERE! . . . Hello, slaves! . . . Sit down, slaves! Meet my little wife. Gonna be my little wife. Everybody—to my little wife! Down you go. Come on fellas. . . . HEY, WAITER! WAITER! HEY!

Here! Lemme get there. I'll get it for you. . . . Hey, we want Chicago. . . . Wake up, operator—wake up. . . . Here, get out of my way. . . . We can't all talk at once. . . . Delaware—. . . . Yes, DELAWARE. . . . Chicago, whadda ya think. Hurry up! We're all married or something—just got married. . . . Who got married? Everybody's married. . . . Operator give me. . . . Hey, DELAWARE. . . . Oh, Delaware, I love you, 'deed I do. . . . Shut up, Chic; I'm trying to telephone. Hullo, hullo. . . . Yes, this is Crown Point. . . . Yes. . . . Well, who are you? . . . Well, I want Chicago. . . . Nobody here wants Elkhardt. Get off the line. . . . Hullo, hullo. Chicago? Delaware—Delaware. . . . Hullo. Is this you, Delaware? Don't be so sore about it. . . . Hullo. . . . What? . . . Oh, hullo, Gordon; somebody wants to talk to you. . . . Hold on. . . . Come on, Chic. Tell him what you done. Come on, Chic.

Hello. Hello, Gordon, old socks. This is Chic. . . . Is this John Gordon, the famous old painter? This is Chic Kiley, the famous old Mister Noodle. We're married. . . . Who? What? We are. We're married. . . . Sure we are. Just got married. . . . Hey! Wait a minute. . . . Dorothy! I got the old man on the wire. Hurry up! Of course you can talk to him.

Oh, daddy! Oh, daddy darling, it all happened so quick, but I'm so happy, daddy. We just all jumped into a car and drove down here—Crown Point, daddy. . . . Oh, I know I'm going to be happy. Daddy, dear, talk to me; say you're glad. . . . Oh, don't be angry; daddy, you know I love you better than anything, but I love Chic, too, daddy. Talk to me, daddy—say something. . . . Oh-h-h, he doesn't answer! Something's happened. I know something's happened. Take me home, quick. Oh, Chic, darling, take me home quick.



"What Can You Suggest for a Man Who Has EVERYTHING?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"I'd Like to Introduce My Friend, Mr. Kiley—
the Famous Chic Kiley. You've Seen Mister Noodle in the Papers, Haven't You? Well, Here's the Man Who Draws Them"

IS THIS Mount Carmel? I can't see very well without my glasses. . . . Will you look out of the window, young man, and see if this is Mount Carmel? It ought to be Mount Carmel. I've been riding all day from Chicago, and it's time we got to Mount Carmel. It says here in the time-table: 5:42—Mount Carmel. What time is it? It ought to be 5:42 if this is Mount Carmel. . . . You got on at Chicago. I saw you get on. You sat over there with another man. Where did he go? . . . Is he your father? He looks old enough to be your father. I suppose you're about the age of my boy Charlie. I was visiting him in Chicago. . . . Well, not exactly in Chicago. In a place near there called Evanston. I guess you might say it's in Chicago. He draws funny pictures for the paper every day, called Mister Noodle. Did you ever see them? In the Chicago Star. Oh, I guess everybody sees them. Certainly everybody in Chicago sees them. Everybody I met said, "Oh, so you're Chic's mother. Aren't you proud of him?" And I'd say, "Oh, I don't know. Why?" And they'd say, "Because he does Mister Noodle. Everybody reads Mister Noodle."

Well, you'd certainly think so, the fuss they make over him there in Chicago. You couldn't walk down the street with him but it's "Hello, Chic. How are you, Chic? How is Mister Noodle? What is Mister Noodle gonna do next?" And it was the same when he'd take me into one of those big restaurants, with an orchestra going and people getting up from their tables right in the middle of their meals to dance. Just sheer nonsense, I call it. Food should be eaten hot or not at all. What's going to happen to the stomachs of this young generation, I don't know, eating a snack of cold meat and then jumping up and hopping all around the floor, and then hurrying back to the table and eating another cold snack. Well, I saw a lot

of such goings-on in Chicago, and sometimes I couldn't help but say to Charlie, "I'm not surprised all these people like your Mister Noodle. They're just as silly as he is. I guess that's where you get your ideas."

We're pulling out now, and about time too. Some of these places they stop till you'd think the engineer had died, or gone visiting, or something. . . . Was that Mount Carmel? You'll see the name on the end of the station as we pull out, if you'll just look. You've got young eyes, but they look kind of blood-shot. You don't get enough sleep. Nobody seems to get enough sleep these days. Why, all the time I was visiting my boy in Chicago we didn't get to bed once before eleven o'clock. And sometimes twelve and one o'clock in the morning. Now, what kind of a way to live is that? . . . What did you say? . . . It's what? . . . Grayville? . . . Never heard of Grayville. I've been to Mount Carmel. It was a long time ago. "And to think," I said to Charlie, when I went to visit him and meet his wife for the first time—"to think that you should be married like a common I-don't-know-what by a justice of the peace. I tell you, I'll always have that in my craw."

Not that Dorothy isn't a good little woman. . . . That's my boy's wife. He met her in an art school. Her father was the teacher. I sure had my misgivings about both of them till I saw them with my own eyes. He doesn't care much for Charlie, but she's a good little woman. Busy and neat around the house, and certainly does right by Charlie. "You're lucky to get a girl like Dorothy," I says to him. "You can thank your stars and not your good sense." "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." That's from the Bible. . . . Do you ever read the Bible? There are a lot of good things in the Bible. People would be much better off if they paid more attention to it. . . . I guess I'll have an

apple. I don't believe in eating between meals, but apples are good for you. . . . Here, you can have one. It's a winesap. I raised it myself. See; not a blemish on it. Well, small wonder, with five

sprays. . . . Aren't you going to take it? . . . Well, that's too bad. How did you do it? . . . Are they both burned? . . . And you can't use them at all? . . . Well, how do you eat? . . . Let me see them; maybe I can tell you what to do. . . . Oh, you needn't show them to me if you're touchy about how they look. You can have some of my apple. I always scrape mine, but I'll cut you a piece. My teeth aren't as good as they used to be. Here, I'll feed you. . . . Good, isn't it?

Charlie likes apples. Used to sit up in a Jonathan and eat 'em by the hour. I always send him apples, even to this day. He pretends I send too many, but I guess I know what's good for him. And now that he's got a big cellar, he can't be always complaining about them

taking up too much room. It's a fine big cellar too. I always wanted a cellar. He's got everything in his house, Charlie has—everything that money could buy. He spends it like water. He makes it too easy, I tell him. If he had to work out in the hot sun for it like I do, he'd know the value of a dollar. . . . Here, have another piece. Good, isn't it? . . . But he doesn't know what hard work means.

I saw him work. He had me come up to his office one day—he calls it a studio—and I saw exactly how he works. Work, he calls it. All he did was walk around in short pants like bloomers and put a little white ball on the floor and shake a stick at it and yell, "Fore," and then he'd walk over to a corner where a fellow was drawing and say, "Draw a chair in there." And then he and Dorothy, his wife, would have an argument. Seemed to me she had more to say about it than he had, because she'd say, "That's outdoors. What do you want a chair there for?" And Charlie would say, "Where is it outdoors?" And Dorothy would say, "It's a lawn." And Charlie would say, "Well, put a lawn chair there." Then he'd knock this little white ball around the room a while and Dorothy would tell the fellow in the corner what words to write in, and then they'd read them to Charlie and he'd holler, "Fore," and chase the little ball out in the hall and be gone for an hour.

Well, I don't pretend to know anything about these things. I guess it must be the way to be successful, because they're after Charlie from all over the country to work for them. Mister Noodle is in over a hundred papers already—think of that. And even while I was in the office the man who does his business for him was talking about selling Mister Noodle for dolls and furniture and advertising, and what not. Charlie has a man to do his business for him, and a man to drive his car, and another to tell

him what clothes to put on in the morning, and he has a girl to write his letters, and an artist to do most of his drawing; he himself just puts in a little dab here and there, like a face maybe, or a nose, and Dorothy tells him most of the words, so I can't for the life of me see what he does except get a lot of money for shenanigin' around in short pants and going to dinners and talking over the radio. Getting paid for that, too—did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, when I tell them that in Gum Springs, they won't believe a word of it.

I guess we ought to be getting to Gum Springs pretty soon. My, I'll be glad to get home and lie down on my bed and get the rattle and roar out of my ears. This looks like Harrisburg. This is the county seat, you know. Is this Harrisburg? Yes, this must be it. I can tell by that coal-mine tippie near the watering tank. . . . Here comes your friend. I guess he's looking for you. . . . How do you do? I was just talking to your young friend here. Been feeding him apples. Are you both getting off here at the county seat? . . . Well, good-by, young man. We had a nice talk. . . . What's that on your hands? Lord of mercy! Handcuffs!

Chic, will you put that golf club down and listen to me? Do you have to practice in the office?

Oh, all right, Dorothy—all right.

Let's talk about your Sunday page. It's simply got to be in today. It was due yesterday.

Don't nag. Where were we last?

Well, we started Dottie in her new job in the cafeteria, and she meets her sweetie on a train in the subway. And then we planned out a series showing what town the sweetie came from —

What town was that?

Ashtabula.

Ashtabula? How do you spell it?

Don't worry. It's all spelled and turned in to the engraving

room. The last batch was about Mamie's sweetie, the chiropractor.

Oh, yes, yes. I remember now, Dorothy. Let me see now. Let me see. I've got a good idea for that. I thought of it last night just as I was going to sleep. A fellow comes in for a treatment. That's the first panel. Then in the second panel he's giving him a treatment, bending his legs and arms every which way. And in the third panel the fellow's saying "Ouch! Oh, my back!" Then in the last picture—let me see—what was that last picture? [Paces up and down holding forehead.] Gee, it was terribly funny. What was it?

I just got an idea. Chic, listen!

It was terribly funny. Let me think. You know, I woke up laughing.

I got it, Chic. How's this? Listen. The fellow comes in to the chiropractor for a treatment, and the chiropractor bends him every which way, trying to break his back, but in the last picture it turns out this fellow is the India-rubber man from the circus, and the chiropractor —

That was it. That was the idea I had. He's the India-rubber man from the circus and when the chiropractor gives him a treatment he doesn't find it out till the last picture. And then his whole day is spoiled because he doesn't break his back. That's a swell idea. You lay it out in four panels the way I just outlined it, Dorothy, and put the wording in. It doesn't need much, only a few Awks and Ooks.

How do you spell chiropractor?

C-H-I-R-O—never mind, that's only a detail, anyway. But it's these details that cut in on a man's time and take his energy away from him for the bigger things. [Takes another golf club out of bag

and wags it over ball.] I took four on that dog-leg today. One over the water and then, instead of going around the bend, I lifted it right over the trees. [Telephone rings.] How's a fellow going to get a chance to do any work?

One second, Chic. Do you want to say "Awk" the first time or "Ouch"?

Well, let me see, don't you think we ought to save "Awk" for the big climax?

MR. CHIC KILEY,
CHICAGO STAR,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Dear Chic: As you probably know, we have only the friendliest relations with the Chicago Star, and we would do nothing in the direction of raiding each other, so, if you are all tied up, sitting pretty and satisfied with your present outfit, just tear this letter up and throw it in the ash can. If, however, you are ripe for a change of air and want to come down to the Big Town and join the big fellows, where you really belong, we think we could work out a deal that would make you happy and put Mister Noodle and Chic Kiley over in every town in the United States.

As you know, we handle Rube Goldberg, Will Rogers, O. O. McIntyre, Harry Tuthill and a lot of other big-timers. Think it over. Let us hear from you. As the popular song puts it:

What are your charms for?

What are these arms for?

Use your imagination.

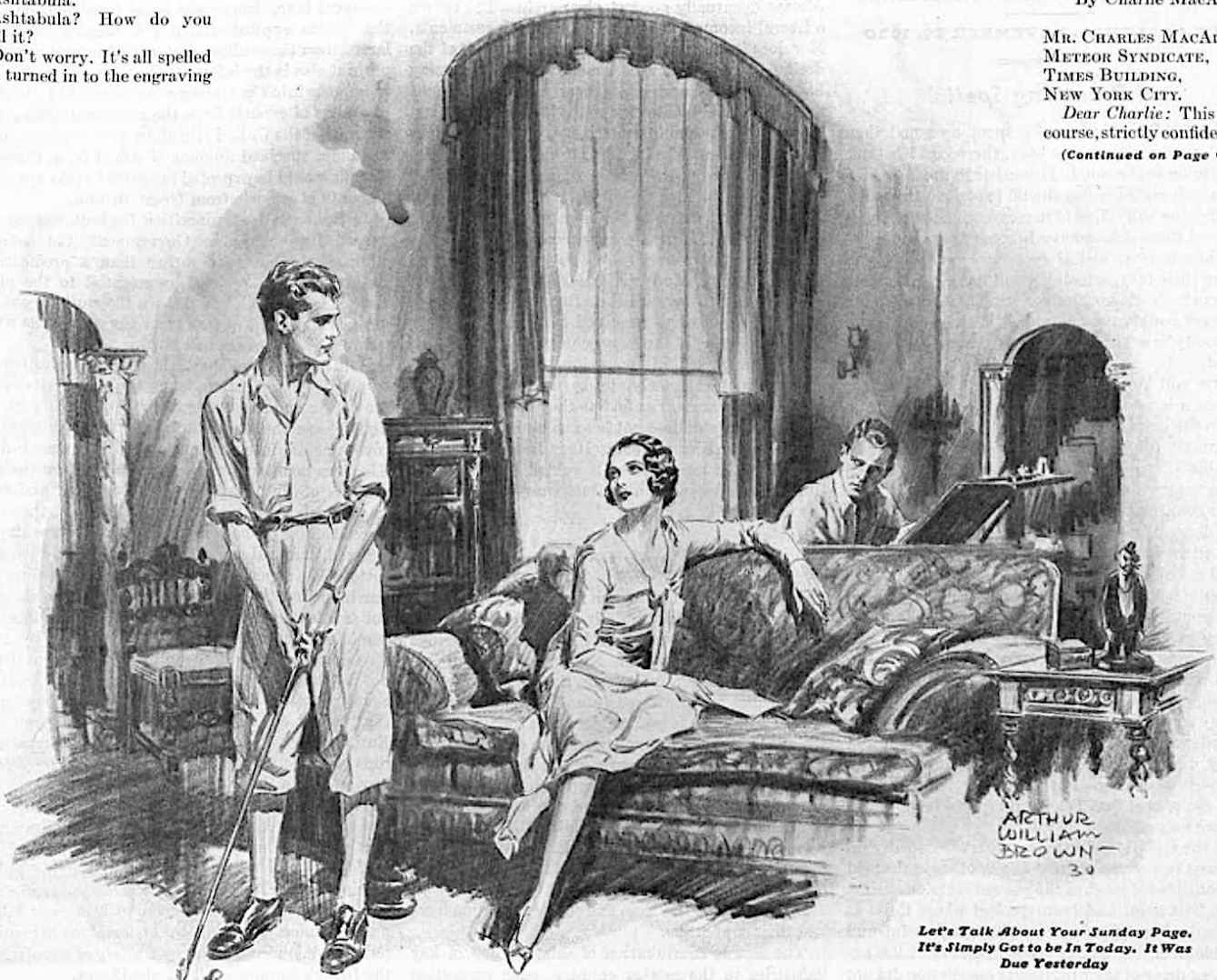
And meanwhile, this is Just You, Just Me. What do you say, Chic?

METEOR SYNDICATE,
By Charlie MacAdam.

MR. CHARLES MACADAM,
METEOR SYNDICATE,
TIMES BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Charlie: This is, of course, strictly confidential,

(Continued on Page 60)



Let's Talk About Your Sunday Page.
It's Simply Got to be In Today. It Was
Due Yesterday

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 19)

but I was pleased to get your letter, because I am not so happy here as I might be. Of course I've got them eating out of my hand, and I guess they'll want to make a new contract with me as soon as I say the word, because I don't see how this paper could get along without Mister Noodle. But at the same time there's a lot in what you say about coming down to the Big Town. I guess it's about time I came down there and showed the boys a few new tricks. Eh, Charlie? Meanwhile, even if I was married to this burg, which I'm not, I guess I could get a divorce. Have you anything definite in mind? Why don't you come to Chicago and we could meet somewhere and talk it over?

Very truly yours,
CHIC KILEY.

MR CHIC KILEY
CHICAGO STAR
CHICAGO ILL
ARRIVING THE DRAKE SUNDAY MORNING STOP
ALLEZ OOP CHARLIE

CHARLES MACADAM
THE DRAKE
CHICAGO ILL
WHAT DOES MISTER NOODLE SAY IN HIS NEST AT
PEEP OF DAY METEOR

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY
MISTER NOODLE SHY AS MAE WEST

CHARLES MACADAM
THE DRAKE
CHICAGO ILL
AS HOW SAY METEOR

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY
WANTS HUNDRED GRAND AGAINST SIXTY FORTY
SPLIT FORTY TO US FIVE YEARS STOP OFFERING
SEVENTY FIVE FIFTY FIFTY THREE YEARS

CHARLES MACADAM
THE DRAKE
CHICAGO ILL
OFFER EIGHTY FIVE AGAINST FIFTY FIVE FORTY
FIVE METEOR

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY
HE SAYS YES BUT THE LITTLE WOMAN SAYS NO
MACADAM

CHARLES MACADAM
THE DRAKE
CHICAGO ILL
WANT HIM NEED HIM GET HIM METEOR

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY
GOT HIM MACADAM

DEAR DICK: Well, we've got Mister Noodle now, and you can thank his wife for putting the bee on us. I had him all soaped and lathered and going down the chutes for fifty grand a year, three years against fifty-fifty split, when little Dorothy, the child wife, eased into the picture, and there was no shaking her out. Somehow, she had made a mental picture of a hundred thousand a year, and she simply held that thought and wouldn't let Chic give in. She kept on saying, "I don't know anything about business, but I do know Chic is the most wonderful, et cetera, and Mister Noodle is the biggest and greatest and most marvelous, et cetera; and though I don't know anything about business, I don't think Chic ought to make a drastic change until he's guaranteed at least a hundred thousand dollars a year. Rube Goldberg makes that much, doesn't he?" she said. And I says, "Yes." "And Sidney Smith makes that much, too, doesn't he?" And I says, "So I hear." "And Bud Fisher makes that

much, doesn't he?" And I says, "Yes, lady, yes; but we're not talking about Rube Goldberg and Sidney Smith and Bud Fisher." And she says, "Well, you're talking about a man that's just as big and is going to be bigger. Of course I don't know anything about business—" So then I says, "Listen, Dorothy; you remind me of Charlie Chaplin." And she says, "How?" And I says, "Well, I'll tell you. Chaplin was talking to Joe Schenck one day, and complaining because he didn't know anything about business. And Schenck says, 'Listen, Charlie; you know plenty about business—all you'll ever need to know.' 'What's that?' says Charlie. And Schenck says, 'Well, just what you always say—I won't take less.'"

Well, here's the picture: A three-year contract, with an option for three more years. The first three a guaranty of one hundred thousand dollars a year against 55 per cent of the gross. The second three years the same guaranty, but 65 per cent of the gross. Mason, of the Star, is pretty sore about the thing, but not at us. He figures Chic was merely using him to make us bid higher, and you know Mason. He figures the Star is bigger than anybody on it.

Chic's contract with the Star expires in ninety days, and since there was no option for renewal in it—Mason evidently didn't figure on Mister Noodle going over with such a wallop—Chic was free to sign with us. It took a couple of weeks of hard work and a lot of palaver to win Dorothy over to letting Chic come down to New York, even for so much more money. She told me, rather tearfully, she was afraid of what New York may do to Chic. She has a hard-enough time keeping him lined up in Chicago. Well, I tried to tell her she was wrong, but I didn't believe it myself, and she knew it too. I feel sorry for the poor kid, in a way. I'm afraid this Noodle baby is just the dizzy kind that New York loves to take over the jumps. So I was easy enough to slip a joker into the contract to the effect that should the gross fall below one hundred thousand a year after the first two years, we had the right to readjust the guaranty on the basis of the net rather than the gross. This gives us a good out in case Mister Noodle goes whoopee down in the Big Town, as he probably will if Dorothy doesn't take him out on a pasture and stake him there.

Last night Chic threw a nutty party for me to celebrate the deal. It was out at his house in Evanston, and all his neighbors and friends around the place came in. He had costumes all ready for them when they got there. And guess what costume would be suggested by the shy, modest and unassuming creator of Mister Noodle. Yes, sir, you guessed it the first time. He dressed up all the men as Mister Noodle and all the women as Missus Noodle. Chic carries out the same modest note all through the house. All the ash stands are Mister Noodle, the wall paper in his room is a pattern of Mister Noodle and Missus Noodle. He has a car with Mister Noodle painted on one door and Missus Noodle on the other. At the entrance to the drive is a figure of Mister Noodle pointing to the house. And on the door is a knocker—and what do you think it is? Correct. And in the garden back of the house is a fountain—Missus Noodle pouring water on Mister Noodle.

Just one more little thing about Chic before I close. Some of the newspaper boys here tell me that confidentially he is known around town as Left-to-Right Chic Kiley. The reason is, whenever there's a photograph being taken of a group of a corner-stone laying or anything else—and no photograph is complete in Chicago now without Chic in it—he always manages to work his way around to the end, so that when the picture is printed the caption underneath will read, "Left to right: Chic—Mister Noodle—Kiley," et cetera. He has it all figured out that no one ever reads more than the first name or two under a photograph, and he isn't going to be overlooked.

Well, tell the boys down in New York what's coming. It's been pretty dull down there, but happy days are here again. CHARLIE.

P. S.: Taking Century today. We must get started on the Noodle promotion campaign right away. No use fooling ourselves. Mister Noodle is the biggest comic-strip possibility in America today. Let's shoot the works.

(From the Chicago Tribune)

HONOR CHIC KILEY

Famous Cartoonist Leaving
For East is Feted at
Monster Banquet

Attended by Mayor and City Officials

ABOVE: Thousands of school children say good-by to Chic Kiley, their beloved creator of Mister Noodle.

BELOW: Reading from left to right: Chic Kiley, Creator of Mister Noodle; Mrs. Kiley, and Oscar Smuggs, of Downer's Grove, whose resemblance to Mister Noodle is startling. "We Smuggs have always looked like Mister Noodle," says Mr. Smuggs with pardonable pride.

Heard around the Press Club after tumultuous testimonial and farewell dinner given to Chic Kiley:

"Will you tell me how a big palooka like that gets an offer from New York?"

"Yeah! The lucky bum!"

"The big horse's neck!"

"All a-bo-o-o-ard! . . . Good-by, Chic. Take good care of yourself. . . . Look out for those city slickers. . . . Good-by, Mrs. Kiley. . . . Good-by, Dorothy. . . . Good-by, Chic. See you in the funny papers.

"Who are we? Can't you guess?"

We are the boys of E. H. S.

Rah-Rah-Rah!

Rah-Rah-Rah!

Rah-Rah-Rah!

NOODLE! NOODLE! NOODLE!"

"All a-bo-o-o-ard! . . . Give my regards to the Follies girls. . . . Save me one, too, Chic. . . . Good-by, Chic. . . . 'By, Dorothy. . . . 'By, Chic. Don't forget to write. . . . 'By. . . . 'By. . . . Good luck!"

[The club car of the Twentieth Century, headed East and throwing dust on La Porte, Indiana. CHIC KILEY and his new-found acquaintance, a Mr. BUBKISS, are deep in one of those discussions which settle everything.

CHIC: Well, I've been reading the papers, and the way I see it, it's like this: Now, you take Japan, for instance. BUBKISS: All right. Take Japan. Where are you now?

CHIC: Well, all right then. Never mind about Japan. How about England?

BUBKISS: Well, that's different. (Sobriety): Yes, that's different.

CHIC: Oh, yeah? Well, is it so different? Is it?

BUBKISS: Sure it's different. You can see that, can't you?

CHIC: Well, of course, in a way, yes.

BUBKISS: But Italy. There's the hard nut to crack in this thing. They don't know what they want.

CHIC: That's right too.

BUBKISS: We'd have disarmament if it hadn't been for Italy.

CHIC: Yeah. I guess you're right.

BUBKISS: And France, too, for that matter.

CHIC: Yeah. That's right too.

BUBKISS: The trouble is, we don't start early enough. We oughta start with the children. Mold their little minds. Give them the right kind of books to read. Why, you know, their little minds are just like wax.

CHIC: Yeah, after they grow up their minds are developed. Now, you take me, for instance—

BUBKISS: Just as I was saying. I know what I'm talking about. Good books for children. That's my business. Did you ever hear of the Bobby Boogie and Dotty Dingle books?

CHIC: Well, I can't say as I ever did.

BUBKISS: What? Seventy-five cents retail in a gift box, with covers, end sheets and box tops, all printed in eight and ten color offset. Take Dingbat Doodle Under the Sea, and Dingbat Doodle's Trip to the Moon, and Dingbat Doodle in the Heart of Africa. Why, we sell twenty-five thousand copies a year of every title in that series. And do you know what does it? The Bubkiss ideal behind every Bubkiss book: "Bubkiss books are good for children because they do not glorify mischief, excuse malice or condone cruelty. . . ." Have you any children? I'll send you one of our catalogues.

CHIC: No. We've only been married a year.

BUBKISS: Live in Chicago?

CHIC: Have been, but going to New York. I'm on my way down there now.

BUBKISS: So? Taking the little woman with you?

CHIC: Oh, sure. She's back in the compartment now.

BUBKISS: Well, well, well. You'll like New York. Hot spot. I get down there a lot. I don't see how they stand the pace down there. I never get to bed before four or five in the morning. Well, all work and no play makes Jack—But it's no fun.

CHIC: I guess that's right.

BUBKISS: What do you do, anyway?

CHIC: Who? Me? I guess you've heard of Mister Noodle, haven't you?

BUBKISS: You don't mean Mister Noodle in the Star? Mister Noodle and Missus Noodle and Tuffy Noodle?

CHIC: Yep. Well, that's me.

BUBKISS: No! You aren't Chic Kiley, are you?

CHIC: Yep, that's me.

BUBKISS: Well, I wanta shake hands with you. So you're Mister Noodle. Well, well, well. I've often said to my wife, "I wonder what he looks like." Where in the world do you get all your ideas? And I was talking to you about understanding children. I bet you know a lot about children. Why, my kids are crazy about Mister Noodle.

CHIC: Sure, I understand children.

BUBKISS: You certainly understand people. (Continued on Page 65)

(Continued from Page 60)

CHIC: I'll say I understand people. Now, you take the average person and he knows only three things: he knows —

BUBKISS: Well, well, well. So you're Mister Noodle. We oughta have a drink on that. How'd you like a drink? I've got some good stuff back in my compartment. Always carry my own. Take no chances. I was going to read this manuscript, WISHY WASHY, THE GOOD-WISH FAIRY, but I'll let it go till later. How about a drink, huh?

CHIC: Well, you talked me into it. Maybe I oughta be going back to the missus though, huh?

BUBKISS: Oh, that's all right. Let her wait a little bit. It's always good to keep 'em waiting a little bit. Makes 'em gladder to see you when you do show up. Heh-heh!

CHIC: I guess that's right.

BUBKISS: Sure, it's right.

CHIC: What are we doing, walking back to Chicago?

BUBKISS: I think it's the next car. Say, take a look in back of you.

CHIC: Where?

BUBKISS: We just passed 'em.

CHIC: I saw them.

BUBKISS: Pretty cute, eh?

CHIC: Oh, I dunno.

BUBKISS: You don't know, eh? You old rouey.

CHIC: I guess they're all right.

BUBKISS: I think we oughta ask them to come along. Maybe they're thirsty.

CHIC: Well, maybe they are. Who isn't?

BUBKISS: What do you say we ask 'em? Look. They're looking at us. Go ahead and ask 'em.

CHIC: You ask 'em. It's your party.

BUBKISS: I'll ask 'em. I'll ask 'em if they'd like to have a drink. I'll say, "Hello, girls. You look wan and weary. Would you like to take a little drink with a handsome stranger?" How's that?

CHIC: That's all right, I guess. Maybe I oughta go back and see how the wife's getting along.

BUBKISS: Aw, come on. You can't run out on me without a little drink. You're just an old rouey. You can't fool me. I'll ask the little babies if they want to have a drink with a handsome stranger and an old rouey.

Get the big chump giving us a tumble, will you, sis?

At last. There's a dinner in your eye, cherie.

The young one isn't bad.

Sappy.

But not bad.

Sappy is bad enough.

Why don't they come on? What are they waiting for—overture?

Relax, sis. They've just gone into conference on how to approach us without offending us. Whadda you bet he's got a pigskin bag full of

Scotch, and he's gonna come over here and say, "Girlies, how about coming back to my compartment and having a little drink; you look thirsty."

No, it's gin.

Haven't you trouped long enough to know a Scotch carrier when you see one?

I've trouped too long, if you ask me. Both of us have.

Oh, we're due for a break, sis. Maybe we'll crash the talkies back East, huh? Remember what that fortune teller told us in the Gypsy Tea Room on Michigan Avenue? "I see The Loop-a-Loop Sisters in lights on Broadway."

I like the young one. I could care for him.

He's a sap.

I don't care.

You never care. Here're you, older than me and supposed to be wiser, and yet always falling for saps. Sometimes I think I inherited all the brains in our family.

Even so, you got cheated.

Here they come, baby. Turn on the sweetness and light. We're two little girls from the country.

Hello, girls.

I beg your pardon?

I was just saying to my friend here that you look like two little girls I used to know in the East. You don't come from the East by any chance, do you?

Boston. But I'm sure I don't know you. . . . Do you, Betty? Do you know this gentleman?

You're sisters, aren't you? I could tell right away. I said to my friend here, "Mr. Kiley," I said, "they're sisters; you can tell by the resemblance." By the way, I'd like to introduce my friend, Mr. Kiley—the famous Chic Kiley. You've seen Mister Noodle in the papers, haven't you? Well, here's the man who draws them.

Oh, are you really? I just love Mister Noodle. . . . Remember, Betty, we used to see Mister Noodle in the Chicago—Post? Wasn't it?

Post nothing. The Star. I never worked on the Post.

Of course, it was the Star. We used to get it every evening.

It's a morning paper.

Well, we never got up till evening. You see, we work late at night. I mean, we study.

Oh, do you go to school in Chicago? I know a lot of schools in Chicago. You see, I'm a publisher of children's books. Mr. Bubkiss is my name. And your name is Betty, isn't it? I heard your sister call you Betty. . . . And what is your name?

It's Bobbie, but I don't see how that can possibly interest you, Mr. Boobus.

Bubkiss is the name, little girl. Bubkiss Books are Good for Children. See; I have a new manuscript here. WISHY WASHY, THE GOOD-WISH FAIRY. I was just going back to my compartment to read it. And then I met Mr. Kiley here, and we were going to have a little drink and talk about books and cartoons and things. Wouldn't you like to come along and have a little chat and a little drink, maybe?

Oh, I don't think we should, really. Do you, Betty?

I'm afraid mother wouldn't approve, Bobbie.

Bring your mother along. I bet she'd like a little swizzle herself.

Oh, she isn't on the train. She's back in Boston. We're just going home for the holidays.

Don't you girls ever drink in school?

Oh, some of the girls do. But, you know, there are all kinds of girls wherever you go.

Well, I guess we made a mistake. I'm awfully sorry. It was nice to meet you.

I would love to hear more about that new book, Mr. Boobus. It must be wonderful to be a publisher.

Well, I'd like to hear more about Mister Noodle. I've always wanted to meet a man who could do such wonderful things.

Well, let's not stand around here, girls. Let's go back, and we can all sit around and have a nice cozy chat, and it'll be a lot more fun than sitting here and looking at what passes for scenery.

Well, all right. But we can't stay very long.

Oh, that's all right. Come on. The next car. We'll lead the way and open the doors.

Mister Noodle is mine, Betty.

Oh, yeah? You told me he was such a sap.

Just the same, button up his overcoat, he belongs to me.

Yeah, and I draw Wishy Washy, the Good-Wish Fairy? I've always had to sacrifice for you.

Well, it's every girl for herself, like the old college daisy chain.

Say, by the way, what school are we from?

After the second round, it won't matter. Till then, how about St. Vitus in the Woods?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Smile of Recognition greets



MELLON Travelers CHEQUES . . . the World over.

Everywhere these safe, convenient and economical cheques are presented, they are recognized and accepted. Mellon Travelers Cheques have been in use for 25 years. They are "as good as gold" in any country . . . Obtainable at banks throughout the United States at a premium of only 25 cents per \$100. Issued and guaranteed by Mellon National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



In the new dollar size



"An' I Says, 'Listen, Kid, if I Don't Travel Foist Class I Don't Travel a Tall!'"

MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Bobbie: You're the Kind That
Falls in Love and Pays Your
Own Taxi Fares. Betty: I'm
Just as Glad. I Couldn't be
Hard if I Wanted To



VI

LITERARY
(From Variety)

THE phenomenal Mister Noodle is giving them something to talk about while they tear their herings at Sardi's. Just a few short months ago Chic Kiley was dodging pineapples in Chicago. Today he is dodging publishers, producers, booking agents, contracts, bonuses, testimonials and the radio. New York has gone Noodle. Paper weights, blotters, cabaret dolls, stationery, chocolate bars, balloons, pennants—everything you buy or steal today seems to be paying royalties to Mister Noodle. Nothing like it before in comic-strip history. And do the other pow-and-wow boys burn? What I mean!

(From Walter Winchell's column)

Ankle up to Reubens' and get a load of the new sandwich—the Mister Noodle Special. . . . "There's ham in it," wince Harry—Abe Kabibble—Hershfield.

DEAR MEMBER: The guest of honor and principal speaker at the next regular lunch of the Dutch Treat Club will be our new member, Chic Kiley, creator of the new sensation—Mister Noodle.

GEORGE BELLAND, Secretary.

(From the New York Evening Sun)

. . . seen at last night's gala premiere at the Ziegfeld Theater were Jimmy Walker, Princess Matchabelli, Lillian Gish, Paul Whiteman, Chic Kiley, Al Jolson —

DEAR MR. KILEY: Since we have not as yet received from you any response to our invitation, sent to you a short time ago, to furnish your family-lineage record for FIRST FAMILIES OF THE UNITED STATES, it is presumed the matter has been overlooked.

Kindly permit the suggestion that the opportunity afforded to have your family data preserved in type, and in the standard genealogical work of America, should not be waived without due consideration of its value to future generations, as well as to your immediate family.

Please do fill out your questionnaire as early as your convenience may permit.

R. BUFFINGTON SNIFFEN, Director.

The Select Compendium of American Genealogy.

(From Vanity Fair)

We nominate for the Hall of Fame, Chic Kiley, because he is the latest of the Chicago shock troops who are taking New York; because he is the creator of Mister Noodle, rapidly assuming the proportions of a national menace; but chiefly because, through the homely medium of comic art, he is interpreting the American Scene with a crude realism that is pregnant with psychotherapeutic significance.

(From Rian James' column in the Brooklyn Eagle)

. . . Tapped for Frank Case's Algonquin Round Table, Chic Kiley, the Attila of the New Seurge. "Mister Noodle," whose every oogle-ookle is gravid with psychotherapeutic significance, sez you, Vanity Fair—teh—teh.

(From the New York World)

AVE! MISTER NOODLE!
An Inquiry Into the Irrefragable Tenuities
By William Bolitho

"Bolitho writes like a man from Mars." Ralph Pulitzer and Walter Lippman on alternate Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Swims into our ken a new planet—the algebraic mystification of orbital aberrations, the torturing ellipse of tortured ellipses, the Theseus before the throne of

Minotaur, half bull, half man, quaint Cretan symbol of American ideology—Mister Noodle—planet X—crying in the wilderness, eating the wild locusts of ephemeral fame, preparing the way for a greater-than-he, forsooth, or peradventure, if you will quibble—but I shout "Gold! Gold!" as did wild-eyed Sutter long ago—and mayhap I will grant you, a Fool's Gold, but your Au may be my FeS₂, and who will bid me nay, for fool's gold is the guerdon of fools—always the king on the throne has paid the fool on the stool stones for bread, darkness for light, the lowering brow for the laughing lip—and so, in like manner—Measure for Measure, said the Mortal Poacher with immortal finality, or vice versa—we too long and too smugly, I fear, have been paying Mister Noodle of the earth earthy—Punchinello Redivivus!—with Jovian frowns from our high, crystal parapets, remembering not that Jove walked with the sons of men by day and talked with the daughters of men by night—Danae? Shower of Gold? FeS₂? Why not?—and from the little despairs of men, brewed by an alchemy lost to us the great courage of the gods against the comic crepuscle of the Götterdämmerung. (Ya sagers, all, shouting in the terrible twilight that finally swallowed warm, shining Olympus and cold, dread Erebus alike.) Vale, Great God Pan! Ave, Mister Noodle!

MR. SOL SCHMILLICK,
SUPER FEATURES FILMS, INC.,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR SOL: Looked around here in Chi between trains East and picked up an artist for you. Name is John Gordon—used to be an instructor in the Art Institute. Tells me he resigned, so I suppose he got kicked out. Plenty old-fashioned, but just what the doctor ordered to paint those glass shots for the Heidelberg picture. Signed him for six

(Continued on Page 47)

(Continued from Page 45)

months, two-fifty a week, and let him think he was going to design scenery and revolutionize the movie industry. When he finds out that he's going to paint all his masterpieces on glass, to be photographed once and then thrown into the ash can, it will probably break his artistic heart, but who cares? He ought to be a knock-out for the job—was a student in Munich, and knows all that part of Germany, and besides, I saw his work, and it has that good, old-fashioned realism we used to see in the Turner Hall barrooms. Can't find young artists who paint like that any more. Well, you can't find the barrooms any more either.

The New York office has a lunch appointment for me tomorrow at the Astor with Chic Kiley, the bird who does Mister Noodle. I think we ought to work fast on him. Since he hooked up with that New York outfit, it's been going like wildfire all over the country, and some other gang is going to grab off the picture rights if we don't step on it. Considering the tremendous publicity value of the name, I think we would be safe to go up to as high as a hundred-thousand-dollars guaranty and even give him a cut on the profits in addition. Of course, I'll get him for less if I can. Will keep you advised. Sailing for Paris Saturday, Ile de France, meeting Stalinsky there and bringing him right back. It's all fixed with the Soviet for six months' leave of absence. How about having him direct Noodle as his first production?

Regards, JAKE.

MRS CHARLES KILEY
GREAT NECK
LONG ISLAND NEW YORK
GOOD NEWS STOP JUST
SIGNED WONDERFUL
CONTRACT WITH SUPER
FEATURE FILMS TO GO
TO HOLLYWOOD AT FINE

SALARY TO DESIGN SETTINGS ETC FOR PICTURES STOP THEY PROMISE ME MY OWN WAY IN EVERYTHING AND IT LOOKS LIKE A GRAND OPPORTUNITY STOP HOW ARE YOU AND CHIC STOP WHY DONT I EVER HEAR FROM YOU STOP WHITE CARE SUPER FEATURES STUDIO HOLLYWOOD STOP LOVE DADDY

MR. JOHN GORDON,
SUPER FEATURES STUDIO,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR DADDY: I was thrilled by your wire. I know this means so much to you. You've had such a hard time since you left the institute. Maybe this is what they call, out in Hollywood, "The dawn of a new day." Anyway, I hope so, and I hope that you will write and tell me just what you are doing, and all about it. I would like to do the same for you, but I don't think you would understand it. I don't understand it myself. Although we have been down here only two months, I can hardly remember now what it was to live in Chicago. That was like a slow-motion dream of some kind. Here everything is as crazy as a merry-go-round. Take the money alone—where it was hundreds in Chicago, it's thousands here. Although Chic is making it hand over fist, we are always head over heels in debt. Just imagine, daddy, the house we live in here in Great Neck cost more than a hundred thousand, and, of course, he owes for most of it. But then, everybody in New York seems to owe everybody else. Success seems to be

measured not by how much you have but by how much you owe.

I try to get Chic to save, but he just laughs at me. Says there's lots more where that came from. What he does with it, I don't know, but we always seem to be waiting for next week's check. Imagine him paying six thousand dollars to get into one golf club. But he says he's got to. Everybody who is anybody belongs to it, and he's got to keep up with the crowd. And I say, "Well, why do you have to keep up? As long as you keep up your work, what does it matter whom you play golf with?" And he says, "Well, you don't understand these things. Out in Chicago it's all right, but down here in New York it's different."

Well, I guess it is different, daddy, but I can't say it's better. I was happier in Chicago when Chic was making only a few hundred a week, and I saw him lots and we could pal around places together. Now I'm alone with the servants most of the time—hordes of them, it seems to me—cooks and housemaids and gardeners and chauffeurs, and what not, just for the two of us—while Chic spends almost every night in town. He always has conferences of some kind or other—with movie people, or syndicate managers, or out-of-town editors, or something. Tonight again he called up and said he wouldn't be home. Some big out-of-town publisher he had to see on important business. I guess I ought to be satisfied. I wanted him to be a success, and he is. But I don't know what to do.

Love, DOROTHY.

(Continued on Page 126)



"Because You are Weak, Chic—Not Mean, Just Weak and Stupid—and I Can't Go On Living Like This. I Am Leaving Everything Except the Few Clothes I Need. I Don't Want Anything Except the One Thing You Won't Give Me—the Assurance That You'll Straighten Up"

Emeralite— the ideal Christmas Gift



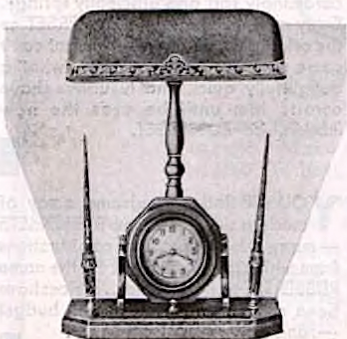
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EMERALITE
KIND TO EYES

"Pudge," repeated Jim. "Pudge. Pretty, isn't it?"

"The way you say it. Everybody in the family—Tootems is my half brother. We call him Tootems."

"And he looks like Tootems. But I don't mean that. I bet he's a corking chap. I'm going to like him. I knew I was going to like him soon's I saw him; he has something about him. I—I like the way he wears his handkerchief in his breast pocket. Notice?"

"Oh, Tootems is always smart; I like to go out with Tootems. . . . Jim, should I go to the office in the morning, as usual? . . . Oh, I won't be able to look you in the face."

"You'll just have to get over that. . . . Come on in."

"Jim, could we afford a ring?"

"I'll say we can afford a ring. We can go in hook for it, and go in big. I'm going to get you one of these diamonds that looks like a piece of glass."

"Marquise," she said delightedly.

"But listen. Why were you like that?"

"Well, Jim, I wasn't going to marry you, and I liked you in another way and wanted to help you, and if I wasn't going to marry you, you certainly had no time for fooling. You just had to keep your mind on business all the time."

"Well, I guess I'll pull through. Will I pull through? I'll get through if I got to go down and lick the whole blamed credit committee of the Combination Bank."

"What have you got against the Combination Bank people, Jim? If they hadn't made you rent up that house—"

"Eh?" They were traveling southward again and had turned into St. Nicholas Avenue before he spoke: "Well, there's something in that. If they hadn't crowded me for their money last July, I'd have two vacant houses on my hands now, and wouldn't

that be the beautiful flop? Maybe that committee knew something, eh? . . . Just a minute; I got to get out here."

He entered the specialty shop. "You got that humidifier ready yet?"

"Waiting here for a month, Mr. Murtagh. Here you are! Rather nice, isn't it?"

"Slick job," conceded Jim, staring at the dark-brown-and-silver box. "Very—nice. But, say, I thought of something just now. This is a little present, and— You can rub out that name 'Channing Bullen' there, can't you? Well, tomorrow'll be soon enough. Rub it off and write in the name 'Mr. Betts.'"

"Mr. Betts?"

"Call the snoozer up and ask him his first name; I know I won't like it, so don't tell me what it is. Write it in there. He's the manager of the Washington Heights branch of the Combination Bank. . . . A-all ri-i-ght, Nona!"

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 47)

CHIC: Hello, baby! Did Bubkiss get here?

BOBBIE: Bubkiss is here already.

CHIC: Where's Betty? . . . Gosh, I'm tired!

BOBBIE: Showing the roof terrace to Bubkiss. Here, let me mix you a tall, stiff one. Do you good. Did him make a lot of Mister Noodle today?

CHIC: I'm all in. Big movie conference today. Lunch at the Astor. Big shot.

BOBBIE: Stretch out here on the couch and tell me all about it. Hey, not so much racket, you two.

BETTY: Booby was telling me a peach. You don't mind me calling you Booby, do you? Just a pet name. . . . Listen, Chic, did you ever hear the one about the eel with the baby-blue eyes?

CHIC: No.

BETTY: I bet Booby never read that one in his Oogie Woogie books for children.

BUBKISS: Hello, Chic. Here's looking at you. Well, well, this is the life. Chicago ain't nothing like this, eh, Chic? Certainly does a fellow good to come down here and kick up his heels every once in a while. But I sure don't see how you can stand it night after night. I always say New York is all right to visit, but I'd hate to live here. . . .

BOBBIE: Don't talk so loud. Poor Chic is all in.

BUBKISS: I'm going to get into the movie game. Movie for children. Got lots of material. Take WISHY-WASHY, THE GOOD-WISH FAIRY. Wonderful movie in that. . . . Here, give me that book, Betty. Listen—

BOBBIE: Have a heart.

BUBKISS: "Once upon a time a funny little man was walking down a funny little road, and he met a funny little fairy. 'Hello, funny little fairy,' said the funny little man. 'Hello, funny little man,' said the funny little fairy. 'What is your funny little name, funny little fairy?' said the funny little man. 'My funny little name, funny little man,' said the funny little fairy. 'is Wishy-Washy, the Good-Wish Fairy.'"

CHIC: All right, all right.

BUBKISS (warming up): "So you're funny little Wishy-Washy, the funny little fish fairy," said the wunny little man."

BOBBIE: Can't somebody do something about this?

BUBKISS: "Yes, I am whittle Wishy-Washy, the whunny whittle Wishy-Wairy."

BETTY: Come on, Booby; let us up. Save that stuff for the next generation.

BOBBIE: Betty, ixnay, etslay am-saray.

BETTY: Okay.

CHIC: What are you talking about? Are you going nuts?

BOBBIE (to Chic): Rapidly. I just told the big sister in pig Latin we ought to scam out of here. This guy will start in on Little Red Riding Hood next.

CHIC: Well, all right, but I was just getting comfortable.

BETTY: Come on, Chic; there's nothing to eat in the house anyway.

BOBBIE: Pick it up, Chic. . . . Bubkiss, you can bring Wishy-Washy with you.

BUBKISS: Where are we going?

BOBBIE: We're going to go places and build character.

CHIC: Say, how about all going down to Catalan's for dinner, and then we could step out afterward?

BUBKISS: I want to go where I've never been before—the places where real New Yorkers go.

CHIC: I know 'em all now, from Harlem to Cherry Street. When I come in the door now, the orchestras all play Here Comes a Friend of Mine and all the gals clap hands. I haven't rolled out of Reubens' before six a.m. since I came to this little madhouse. . . . Do you know what a show case is, Bubkiss?

BUBKISS: Sure I do. You see 'em in stores.

CHIC: Naw. I mean the taxis with lots of windows. The hackers—that's the taxi drivers—call 'em show cases because the petters always want what they call dark cabs—the ones with the little windows in the back.

BUBKISS: Gee-whiz! You've been around.

CHIC: I'll say! I'll tell you; we'll have dinner at Catalan's, down under the Brooklyn Bridge—razor clams, and chicken with rice, and cheese with guava, and lots of red wine, and then go to the Hot-Cha-Cha, a night club I found the other night—it's what they call a clip joint—the guy who runs it is a gunman and racketeer, but he likes me—proud to know me, he says—and he'll show us a swell time. You couldn't get in, Bubkiss. No doorman—just a

(Continued on Page 129)

(Continued from Page 126)

combination lock on the outside iron gate, like they have on those new traveling bags, and if you don't know the combination, it's just too bad. But I know it. Yes, sir!

BOBBIE: How do you know it? Who did you take there? Chiseling already?

CHIC: Bobbie, you know I wouldn't do that. I went with some of the fellows. I'll take you tonight. You'll like Marty, the guy that owns the joint—short black hair, blue eyes, soft voice and swell smile.

BOBBIE: Let's go. I'm dying to meet him.

CHIC: Oh, they all fall for him.

BOBBIE: Oh, yeah? Well, just for that I won't. Besides, I wouldn't trade my Mister Noodle for a dozen Marty Whosits.

CHIC: Marty O'Malley.

BETTY: Are we going somewhere or are we just going to stand around here on one leg all night?

BOBBIE: Get your hats, boys.

TIME: One A.M.

BOBBIE: Wanta dance this one, Chic?

CHIC: Aw, let's talk. I'm dizzy. Let's talk.

BOBBIE: Talk? That's all you've been doing all evening. Betty and Bub-kiss are having all the fun on this party. Look at them over there, dancing their fool heads off.

CHIC: Let 'em dance. I wanta talk about my movie. Wanta hear about my movie, huh?

BOBBIE: What for? What's in it for me? You say yourself you don't know if you can get me into it.

CHIC: Sure I can get you into it. Getcha into anything. Wanta talk about new movie. Goin' to Hollywood, I am; maybe I will.

BOBBIE: Oh, gee! Would you take me, Chic? Gee, Chic, I've always wanted to go to Hollywood. Do you know, when Betty and I were playing the Palace, in Chicago, our agent said he was going to get us with Fox. But he was full of apple sauce.

CHIC: Palace? Used to go Palace every week. Never saw you at Palace. Never saw Loop-A-Loop Scissors at Palace. Never. No. No, Palace.

BOBBIE: Well, maybe it was the Rialto. Anyway, it was Chicago.

CHIC: Chicago? Used to live Chicago. Nice town. Nice li'l one-horse town. Started Mister Noodle there. Gotta get out Sunday Noodle tomorrow. Mus' go home early tonight. Gotta get out Noodle tomorrow. Way late.

BOBBIE: Say, what've you got all these guys working for you for? You've got a guy to draw it and another guy to write it.

CHIC: I gotta give 'em ideas. Can't wear myself out with details like some of these guys. Do all their own work. Say, I could do their work and mine, too, with a couple of ghosts.

BOBBIE: Sure you could.

CHIC: Sure I could. Whadda you think happened today? Ghost struck. "Too much to do," says he. I says, "Yeah?" Ghost says, "Yeah." I says, "Okay. Get yourself a ghost."

BOBBIE: What is a ghost, anyway?

CHIC: Ghost is guy who does your work and you sign it, and he gets paid what you give him, out of what you get for what he does. Huh?

BOBBIE: And a ghost what ghosts for a ghost? What does he get?

CHIC: Who cares? Huh?

BOBBIE: That's right too. Say, where's this Marty O'Malley of yours? We've been waiting here hours for him.

CHIC: That's him, over there by the door.

BOBBIE: So that's Marty. Kinda cute.

CHIC: Guess he's just seen me. . . . HEY, MARTY! HEY! . . . He's coming over.

BOBBIE: Maybe he saw me.

CHIC: Oh, yeah?

BOBBIE: Yeah.

CHIC: 'Lo, Marty. Put 'er there! How's tricks? Huh?

MARTY (*quietly, affably*): Why, how do you do, Mr. Kiley? Haven't seen you for ever so long. (*Puts out a very soft, very cold hand, and withdraws it quickly.*)

CHIC (*hurt*): Why, I was here only other night. Huh? Don't you remember? Huh?

MARTY (*with a wide, warm smile*): We don't never remember nothing in this business, Mr. Kiley, unless we're reminded. Isn't that so, miss? (*Bows gallantly.*)

CHIC: Oh, pardon me. Meet Miss Bobbie White, one of the Loop-A-Loop Sisters. 'S Marty O'Malley, Bobbie. 'S good friend of mine.

MARTY (*easily*): I always say a good friend is hard to find. It's the unfortunate who suffer. Pleased to meet you, Miss White. And that's from the heart. You know, I've heard a lot about your act.

BOBBIE: Oh, have you really?

MARTY (*sweetly*): Now, who in the business hasn't heard of the Loop-A-Loop Sisters? Of course. And nice too. I'm proud to have you here. I'd love to introduce you, but of course, since your sister isn't here —

BOBBIE: Oh, she's here. Right over there, dancing, in the long green dress.

MARTY: Could I introduce you? You wouldn't have to do anything but stand up at the table and bow.

BOBBIE: Sure, and we'll do a number for you on the floor if you ask me pretty.

CHIC: Don't stand, Marty. Pull up a chair and have a drink. Huh? 'S good.

BOBBIE: Yes, do please, Marty. You don't mind if I call you Marty, do you?

MARTY: It's music when you say it. (*Bows to Chic.*) If you don't mind my saying so. (*Pulls out chair and seats himself with one deft movement.*)

Yes, I'll have some of yours. I don't trust my own. Here's to the Loop-A-Loop Sisters. Maybe I could persuade you to join up with our little floor show—do your specialties. Yes?

BOBBIE: Sure; why not?

MARTY: Sold. Here's looking into your lovely blue eyes, Miss White.

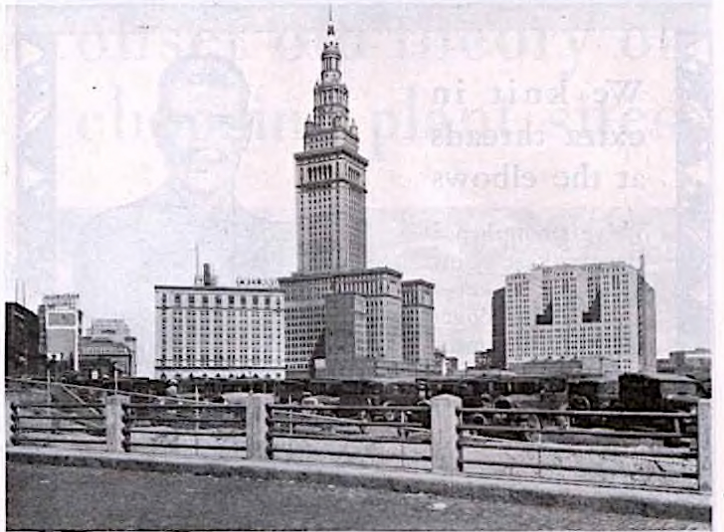
BOBBIE: Bobbie to you.

RICHARD DILLON,
METEOR SYNDICATE,
TIMES BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR DICK: I am sorry to hear about your troubles with Chic and Mister Noodle, but then, you can't say I didn't warn you. Of course you can't blame him for going into a tail spin so soon. Imagine leaving a quiet spot like Chicago, where you don't really count unless you are putting up buildings, and then running into the skyrocket and colored confetti and ticker tape that Chic is getting from highbrows, lowbrows and no-brows alike. Besides, I was afraid the dames would get him in New York if Dorothy didn't succeed in keeping him kenneled out on Long Island.

Something ought to be done about these Loop-A-Loop Sisters. They are taking him heavy. And the joke is, he

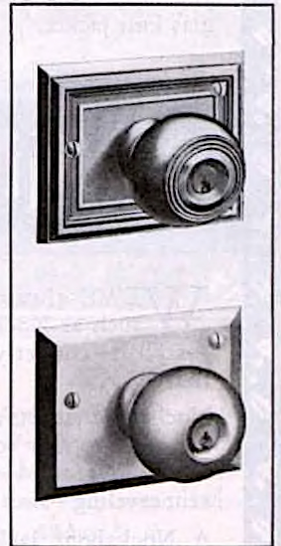
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thinks that nobody knows about it excepting a few personal friends, as he calls them. Well, if there is such a thing as a personal friend in New York, I never met him. The town is a big whispering gallery, and is infested with two kinds of people—those who don't like you and those who won't. I'll try to straighten Chic out when I get back from this swing through the West. The fact that you must continually keep after him to get his stuff in on time is annoying, but not so dangerous as what I have been hearing from some of the boys to the effect that the gal is singing, with her sister, down in Marty O'Malley's joint, and she and Marty are just like that. Well, we all know Marty—a cobra if ever there was one—and that explains why Chic is continually putting a finger on us for advances. It looks like he's in a hot spot and doesn't know it, and we'll have to do something about it—and pronto.

One more thing: The Middle West editors I have been talking to do not seem to think his stuff is as good as it was in Chicago. I tell them it's due to the change, and as soon as he's acclimated in the East his stuff will get that old zip back; but their contention—and I think there's some point to it—is that his stuff was more universal-human-nature stuff in Chicago, but now he's filling it up with Long Island swank, New York night-club whoopee, and a lot of insignificant hooey, which don't go so good with the backbone of the American people—meaning no offense, madam.

CHARLEY MACADAM.

Office of the Meteor Syndicate, Times Building, New York.

DILLON: Here's another one. Just came in. Read that.

MACADAM: Minneapolis, eh? He was on his ear when I saw him a couple of months ago. . . . MISTER NOODLE LATE AGAIN STOP WILL BE COMPELLED TO CANCEL CONTRACT UNLESS SCHEDULE IS LIVED UP TO. . . . I don't blame him, but I don't know what I can do about it.

DILLON: Well, can't you get hold of this Kiley guy and talk to him?

MACADAM: Sure I can talk to him. I've been talking to him for weeks now, but what good does that do? He's got an idea he can drink it as fast as they make it. I will say for him he isn't far behind, considering he's been in New York less than a year.

DILLON: Can't his wife do anything with him?

MACADAM: Say, she doesn't even know where he is. She hasn't seen him for weeks. I wouldn't have seen him either, only I know he hangs around all night at Marty O'Malley's Hot-Cha-Cha, until those sisters get through working.

DILLON: Well, we've got to do something. This can't go on. For weeks we've had to dig up his old ones and redraw them in order to have enough to supply the papers. And this week his stuff hasn't shown up at all, and here it is Thursday. When did you see him last?

MACADAM: Last night. I tried to talk to him and tell him he couldn't go on hitting the booze like that, but all I could get out of him was that he didn't care much about doing cartoons anyway. He was going to Hollywood pretty soon and make a big movie, with color and theme songs.

DILLON: Who was with him?

MACADAM: Oh, a lot of buzzards. You know—Broadway pals who can smell a drink a mile away. They were all slapping him on the back and telling

him what a great guy he was and that New York was a bust until he came along. And all the time they were sending drinks over to their own tables and pocketing the cigarettes. Well, I tried to talk to him, but I had to give up.

DILLON: He's either got to straighten out or we've got to do something drastic. Let's get him in here. Where is he now?

MACADAM: Still there, for all I know. I tried his house out in Great Neck this morning, but his secretary said he was staying in town at his studio until he could get way ahead with his work. That's a laugh.

DILLON: Well, ring his studio. He may be there.

MACADAM: I've been ringing it for days.

DILLON: Where do the Loop-A-Loops live? Try them. They ought to know.

MACADAM: Sure they know, but they ain't telling unless they're in a big, carefree mood.

DILLON: What's the address? I'll have the girl get 'em.

MACADAM: It isn't listed, but I know the number. Hand me the phone and I'll call 'em.

DILLON: And if he happens to be there, tell him he's got to come in here today. I'm going to the mat with him. If necessary, you'll have to take him down to Atlantic City and look him up in a hotel room there until he's ahead with his work.

MACADAM: Yes, papa.

BETTY: Hello. . . . No, this is Betty. . . . Who? . . . No, he isn't here. Who is this? . . . Why should he be here? What would he be doing here? . . . What? . . . Sure, I'll give him the message if I see him, but I won't see him. . . . All right, Mr. MacAdam. . . . All right. Good-by.

BOBBIE: Why didn't you tell him the truth, silly? He'll find out anyway. That MacAdam is a ferret.

BETTY: Yeah, I'd like to tell him the truth—all of it.

BOBBIE: What do you mean?

BETTY: You know what I mean. What you and Marty did to him last night.

BOBBIE: Mind your own business, you little sap.

BETTY: It was pretty dirty, if you ask me.

BOBBIE: You'll get your face slapped some day, talking out of turn like that.

BETTY: Isn't it enough for you to be ruining a nice soft kid like Chic, without you and Marty gypping him all the time? And then to do what you did last night, you and that slimy little gangster.

BOBBIE: You keep your tongue off of Marty.

BETTY: Gangster is too good for him. He's a rat.

BOBBIE: You're gonna get socked if you don't shut up.

BETTY: I'm tired of shutting up. I've been shutting up for you all my life. Always giving you the best of it and taking the short end myself. Chic is too good a guy to be trimmed the way you and that bum are trimming him. I'm going to tell him too.

BOBBIE: Go on and tell him; he won't believe you.

BETTY: I'm going to tell him what happened last night too.

BOBBIE: Well, tell him.

BETTY: You know perfectly well Marty gave him something last night after the party left the table.

BOBBIE: I don't know anything about it.

(Continued on Page 133)

(Continued from Page 130)

BETTY: You do too. He had some slip him a Mickey Finn.

BOBBIE: You say anything like that around Marty and he'll knock your head off.

BETTY: Well, that's what happened, anyway. And then before we closed up, Marty had the waiters stack a whole lot of empty champagne bottles on the floor around his chair, and then woke him up with black coffee and had the band boys open up their collars and play like mad while he was waking up, to make him believe the party had been going on like that all night and he'd been drinking barrels of champagne. And I saw the check they handed him, when he came to, the dirty thieves.

BOBBIE: If Marty didn't take him, someone else would.

BETTY: I got him out on the sidewalk, and then he went out again just like a light. So I brought him up here, and I've been up all night trying to straighten him out. . . . Where were you until six o'clock this morning?

BOBBIE: None of your business. . . . You must be in love with Noodle.

BETTY: I couldn't see a dog get a dirty deal.

BOBBIE: Always falling for saps and always taking a terrible beating.

BETTY: Well, Chic is taking the beating this time, and I'm going to stop it, if I have to tell his wife and MacAdam and everybody else about it.

BOBBIE: You just keep on talking and you'll find yourself out in the street.

BETTY: I'll get by. (Doorbell rings.)

VOICE: Special for Mr. Kiley.

BOBBIE (opening door): There's no Mr. Kiley here.

MESSANGER: I was told to leave it here for him. It's important.

BOBBIE: All right, then. Leave it. I'll sign for it. . . . What do you suppose it is, Betty?

BETTY: Maybe it's from the syndicate.

BOBBIE: There's no name on it. It's a woman's handwriting. Call him. Maybe he's awake now. . . . HEY! CHIC! . . . Go and pull him out of there. He can't lie around here all day, anyway. . . . HEY, CHIC! HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU!

BETTY: I'll get him.

BOBBIE: Here comes the Sleeping Beauty. . . . Hello, Chic. How's the head?

CHIC (stumbling in, blinking at the light): What's the matter? What do you want? Can't you let a fellow sleep?

BOBBIE: Say, you've been sleeping all day. Here's a special for you.

CHIC: Who's it from?

BOBBIE: How do I know? You don't think I open your mail, do you? It's a woman's handwriting.

CHIC (puzzling over it): That's funny. Looks awfully familiar. Looks like—why it looks like Dorothy's.

BETTY: Who?

CHIC: Dorothy—my wife. How'd she know I was here?

BOBBIE: Your wife, eh? Well, that's the pay-off. Here, let me read it for you.

"Dear Chic: When you get this letter, I will be on the train, going home

to my father. You will realize, from the address, that I know all about what you have been doing since we came to New York. Of course, a wife is the last one who ever knows what her husband is doing, but even a wife who is willing to stay out in the country and wait and ask no questions is bound to be told eventually what all the rest of the world knew long before.

"At first I thought I'd call you home and face you with the facts, and then I realized how silly and melodramatic that would be. I couldn't say anything you didn't know already about your drinking and parties, and especially about those night-club girls, and I couldn't bear to have you make me any more promises you are too weak to keep.

"Because you are weak, Chic—not mean, just weak and stupid—and I can't go on living like this. I am leaving everything except the few clothes I need. I don't want anything except the one thing you won't give me—the assurance that you'll straighten up, quit drinking and running around, and work on our Mister Noodle—it was ours, don't you remember?—before it is too late and you've lost everything.

"If you must write, you can reach me in care of my father, who is with the Super-Features Film Company, in Hollywood, but I prefer that you leave me alone, so that I may forget, if I can, how happy we were in Chicago and how miserable I have been in New York.

"DOROTHY."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Getting On in the World

Profit From a Hobby

GEORGE REINHARDT works at the packing house eight to ten hours every day, takes orders from nearly everyone at the plant, loads cars, checks shipments, draws a salary and in general is a pretty unimportant cog in a big industrial machine.

He comes home to his residence in a suburb where, more than likely, some banker or the head of some local business enterprise is waiting to get his advice on important affairs. These impressively tailored gentlemen listen to his words with close attention because, in the line of endeavor which is his avocation, George is a skilled craftsman and an authority worthy of respect.

On Sundays and holidays George drives to elaborately decorated clubs where executives of much solidarity and endowed with much of this world's goods are wont to forgather in an exclusive fellowship. At such assemblies the humble packing-house employe is welcomed enthusiastically and his opinions on great matters of issue are sought and treasured. The minister of a great church, one of the most widely known corporation lawyers of our section, a wealthy real-estate man, a railway vice president, an ex-mayor, a writer of books whose reputation is nation-wide—all these and others defer to the superior knowledge and craft possessed by a gaunt, semibald laborer, past sixty years of age and unprepossessing in appearance.

For George is a past master in that most important and intricate of arts, the making of hand-tied bass and trout flies. His standing is what it is because no man is blessed with such wealth or

position or power—none is cursed with such arrogant self-esteem—as not to admit, when the logs have crumbled low, that the transaction of business and the making of money and the hurly-burly of mart and countinghouse take second place, in the true evaluation of a man among men, to the more important matter of fishing.

As a boy on the farm George had always been a fisherman. At the age of forty he left the farm, and his new job in the packing house—ten hours a day—left him with much spare time. He began to experiment with a handful of hooks and a spool of silk thread. Feathers were found in the family hen coop, but they were too scanty a source of raw material, so it was not long until duck and deer and squirrel hunters, poultry dealers and breeders of various types of fowl and beast—most of them fishermen and coöperative to the last degree—became a volunteer source of supply of peacock feathers, squirrel tails, hackles, buck tails, reindeer skins and a wide assortment of varicolored integuments sported for ornamental or protective purposes by all sorts of wild and tame creatures. Today the basement of the Reinhardt mansion is stacked to the ceiling with lard cans filled with an unbelievable—and sometimes malodorous—assortment of feathers and fur, protected in their airtight containers by moth balls; and George's den and workshop is a maze of drawers and shelves where hooks and thread and wire and horsehair and odd-looking tools of his own devising are stored. His is a one-man mass-production shop. Two or three hours' work of an evening will result in forty or fifty finished flies, and the prices eager devotees

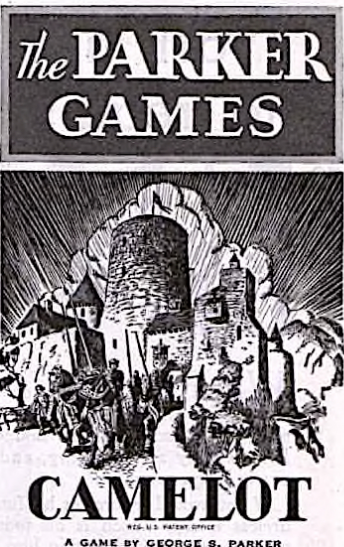
pay for these baubles are little short of scandalous.

His specialty is making up flies to order, according to designs submitted by his customers. This is a prolific source of business, for it must be remembered that every fisherman whose luck is bad is positive his reel might have been filled if he had tried a fly of different color or design.

Acquaintances made at fishing camps, at the local fly-casting club, at Minnesota and Colorado resorts, make up the bulk of his original customers, and word-of-mouth advertising has spread his fame far and near. In the beginning there was no intention to commercialize this unusual hobby. He simply made flies for his own use and gave them away to any friend or passing acquaintance who happened to see and admire. He has energetically refused to employ workers and go into the wholesale production of lures—his is the pride of the artist in a superlatively good job, and all his flies are the work of his own hands.

George is very modest and retiring. He thinks there is more fun to be had in fishing than in anything else a man can do in this world, and he would never make a fly for anyone if the dollars-and-cents profit were the whole of the story. He seldom sends out an order without exclaiming, "There, that ought to get 'em for him." In that little phrase is the expression of his business philosophy and method. He makes better flies for his friends so they can have more fun out of their fishing trips. By that simple and honest means he has built a hobby into a very profitable business.

—GEORGE BIGGS.



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MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VII

(From the New York Evening Tab)

IVAN STALINSKY ARRIVES
EN ROUTE TO HOLLYWOOD

A SMALL, round, black-eyed bundle of energy bounded to the deck of the S. S. Bremen when she docked yesterday noon after a record run, and ship-news reporters met Ivan Stalinsky, famous Russian movie director, imported by Super-Features Films to make just one picture, on a six-months' leave granted by the Soviet. Accompanying Stalinsky was Jake Rishus, who engineered the deal for Super-Features, and who will bring him back to Russia after he has made MISTER NOODLE, a Super-Comedy feature, based on the sensational comic strip by Chic Kiley, now running in this and hundreds of other newspapers throughout the country.

"I am anxious to meet Mr. Kiley," said Stalinsky, who speaks very good English indeed. "The comic artist is the real modern artist. Comic artists were the first expressionists, and the colored supplements in your Sunday papers, with their vivid reds and greens and blues, are brutal and frank as the life they underscore, and it is only because I have always made pictures with real people rather than actors that I welcome this opportunity to come to your America and make a new *comédie humaine*, using the real Noodles of American life to reenact and interpret the salty humors of everyday existence."

Batteries of photographers took charge of him and posed him with various reception committees, consisting of ex-dukes, doormen and Police Commissioner Whalen, as Stalinsky continued: "I do not conceive the Mister Noodle saga in terms of comic-strip characters alone. This should and must be a big picture, as wide as life and as deep as death."

Stalinsky says he wants to see something of New York before he is whisked away to Hollywood. A series of what is still known as "teas" has already been booked for him, in the course of which he will be introduced to all the notable highbrows and lowlifes of the town.

RICHARD DILLON
HOTEL BERMUDIANA
HAMILTON BERMUDA

CHIC KILEY INVOLVED OVERNIGHT IN TERRIBLE SCANDAL STOP
PREPARE TO CUT SHORT VACATION AND RUSH BACK TO NEW
YORK STOP LETTER WITH DETAILS ON WAY MACADAM

(From the New York Evening Tab)

LOW COMIC IN HIGH TRAGEDY
DANCER IN DEATH LEAP
FROM MISTER NOODLE PENTHOUSE PARTY

Last night there were two Loop-A-Loop Sisters, Bobbie and Betty. This morning there is only Betty. The police morgue holds the mangled remains of Bobbie, one more little butterfly broken on the wheel of Broadway.

This morning as the first streaks of dawn brightened the sky, the white body of a girl was seen hurtling from the highest terrace wall of an apartment on the upper East Side. The police, called by a horrified watchman, quickly located the terrace from which the unfortunate girl had fallen to her death, and arrested Chic Kiley, owner of the apartment and host of the gay penthouse



"He Was a Big Accident and He Loved Only Himself and He Broke Your Heart"

party, which had ended so suddenly in tragedy. Kiley, nationally known as the creator of the comic character, Mister Noodle, admitted knowing the girl and her sister, but refused to give the names of any of the guests, all of whom had fled before the police arrived.

When questioned, Kiley seemed confused and bewildered by the sudden tragic turn of events. "I was having a little party," he said, "and there were a number of artists and models at the party, and some of the models decided, for a lark, to pose as a series of famous statues on the terrace in the moonlight. And Bobbie climbed on the wall, announced she was the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and, to everybody's horror, fell off backwards. That's honestly all I know about it."

The police are not satisfied with this glib explanation, and are investigating the theory of foul play. It is common Broadway gossip that lately the sinister figure of Marty O'Malley, notorious night-club racketeer, came into the picture. Police believe Marty was at the party, although Kiley refuses to admit or deny anything. In fact a vast scrambling to cover is going on all over New York today.

OOKLE OOKLE, YOU PRETTY CREATURES—(above) a composite photograph of Chic—Mister Noodle—Kiley, with a Loop-A-Loop Sister on each knee, during the now famous penthouse orgy, which ended in the tragic death of Bobbie (right). (As conceived by a staff artist on the spot.)

(Above) EXIT MARTY'S MOLL—Mounted police clearing path through crowd of morbid curiosity seekers, who

gathered yesterday to see Marty's gang saying good-by with truck-loads of roses and blankets of orchids to Bobbie, the Loop-A-Loop Girl.

(Inset) THE CASKET—which cost over \$10,000, was solid silver and bronze, double walls, intersealed and airtight, with a heavy plate glass above and a couch of white satin below, and tufted cushion extra, for the left hand to rest upon. On the third finger smoldered a huge canary diamond, Marty's last gift.

(Right) CAMERA-SHY—Although Marty's gang served notice on all the newspapers "absolutely no photographs permitted"—they were taking no risks of identification later—the Evening Tab staff photographer braved a "ride" by snapping these three gangsters who are trying vainly to hide their faces behind their hats.

(Left) POW! WHAM! Mister Noodle—Chic Kiley—himself, in his cell, awaiting police investigation of penthouse party which ended in the death

of Bobbie Loop-A-Loop. Laugh, clown, laugh! BIFF! BAM! ZOWIE!

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

MR. RICHARD DILLON,
HOTEL BERMUDIANA,
HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

DEAR DICK: The clippings inclosed tell the story of the Noodle party, which has the town by the ears and is rapidly becoming the national sensation. Wouldn't it be our rotten luck to have this happen to us after all the money we've spent in putting Noodle over as a Meteor feature? I felt in my bones those Loop-A-Loop Sisters would do us dirt, but who would ever guess that one of them would kill her fool self just to ruin the biggest comic strip we ever had?

Of course-suckers who believe newspaper accounts think this party was the hottest thing since Sodom and Gomorrah, but the fact was, it seems to have been fairly tame—just a lot of the boys and girls getting together. It started off with a small, intellectual cocktail fight, and various mobs dropped in casually, those who came in called up friends, and the party picked up speed—the literati, smelling food and licker, moved right in, and after the theater came the actors and movie gals and racketeers and what not—just a lot of mugs who can't bear to go home so long as they can keep someone awake, and Chic had been partying all of them ever since he came to New York and was known all over town as a good-time Charlie.

Well, it seems they finally overflowed onto the terrace, about twenty stories up from the street, and a bunch of the gals decided to do statue poses in the moonlight, which nobody minded much or paid very much attention to. Well, that was all right, but then

(Continued on Page 30)

(Continued from Page 28)

this Bobbie decided she'd get in the game but she picked the balustrade to pose on and over she went—twenty stories straight down.

You can imagine what a juicy story that was for the tabloids: Famous cartoonist—penthouse party on moonlit terrace overlooking romantic river setting—night-club hostess in death plunge. Oh, boy! The opposition Tab, which we took the Noodle strip away from, jumped at the chance to give us a ride, and came out the next afternoon with a full-page, double-leaded editorial calling on the citizens of the country to repudiate Chic Kiley for a scandalous character and demanding that all people cease to read and all papers cease to print anything by such a depraved person, as highly detrimental and dangerously subversive to the morals of newspaper readers, young and old alike. That editorial has been copied all over the country, and has started women's clubs passing resolutions, ministers preaching, editors canceling—and this is just the beginning. It looks like we're in for one of those nationwide waves.

Mr. Noodle is in a terrible state. The police finally got it into their thick heads that it was an accident and let him go, but his nerves are all shot and he's drinking harder than ever, if possible, and I've had everyone in the office helping, so as to keep his stuff going out on schedule.

Will keep you posted on developments as they come along. Hate to spoil your vacation, but if things go on popping I am afraid you'll have to come right back to New York and help me face the music.

Sever, MacAdam.

JAKE RISHUS
SUPER FEATURES FILMS EASTERN OFFICE
CHANIN BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

EXHIBITORS WIRING IN FROM ALL OVER COUNTRY REPORTING LOCAL PAPERS RUNNING RIOT WITH SENSATIONAL DISPATCHES AND PICTURES FROM NEW YORK ON THE NOODLE PENTHOUSE ORGY STOP HAVE LEGAL DEPARTMENT CANCEL CONTRACT WITH CHIC KILEY IMMEDIATELY UNDER MORALITY CLAUSE AS ANY NOODLE PICTURE IS COMPLETELY COOKED BY NOW BY NATIONWIDE WAVE ADVERSE PUBLIC SENTIMENT

SOL SCHMILICK

SOL SCHMILICK
SUPER FEATURES FILMS INC
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

KILEY NOTIFIED TODAY REGISTERED MAIL CONTRACT CANCELED UNDER MORALITY CLAUSE JAKE RISHUS

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

LOCAL MINISTERS CONDEMNING MORNING DEMOCRAT FROM PULPITS FOR RUNNING COMIC STRIP BY SUCH SCANDALOUS CHARACTER AS CHIC KILEY CLAIMING MISTER NOODLE IS DEMORALIZING MINDS OF KIDDY READERS STOP THEREFORE DEMAND CANCELLATION MISTER NOODLE CONTRACT AT ONCE

MANAGING EDITOR
SPRINGFIELD MORNING DEMOCRAT

EDITOR, SCRAMTOWN WEEKLY SCRAM,
SCRAMTOWN, TENNESSEE.

SIR: What do you mean by printing such a thing as Mister Noodle in your paper, when, on the very first page, at the same time, you print stories about this Kiley creature's vile carrying-on in a penthouse in New York City where that Bobbie person got killed, and served her right I say.

I don't know what a penthouse is, but I have my own ideas, but there's one thing I do know, and that is that such a man cannot be anything but a disgrace to the nation and a menace to the morals of our home-loving people, many of whom, up till now, have followed Mister Noodle, but will follow him no longer. Take warning and stop printing Mister Noodle immediately.

A MOTHER.

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

PUBLIC UPRIISING HERE AGAINST MISTER NOODLE STOP CANCEL IMMEDIATELY STOP IN VIEW OF DAMAGE DONE TO FAIR NAME OF SCRAMTOWN SCRAM FEEL UNDER NO MORAL OBLIGATION TO PAY OUTSTANDING ACCOUNT SCRAMTOWN WEEKLY SCRAM

METEOR SYNDICATE,
TIMES BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY.

GENTLEMEN: This is to notify you that we are canceling Mister Noodle, daily and Sunday, for our entire list of papers.

We had been dissatisfied for some time, as you know, with the quality of the strips, but even so, we would have been willing to be patient, as you suggested, until Mr. Kiley had become acclimated in the East. However, the storm of notorious publicity which has been aroused all

over the country by his participation in a scandalous party ending in the death of a night-club hostess has reacted disastrously against the former popularity of Mister Noodle with the readers of our papers from Coast to Coast.

We cannot jeopardize the good will of the better element among our readers, so we are sending you here-with our cheek in full until the first of next month, but are discontinuing publication immediately.

Yours very truly,

Howard Watkins,
General Manager.

RICHARD DILLON
HOTEL BERMUDIANA
HAMILTON BERMUDA

CANCELLATIONS MISTER NOODLE POURING IN FROM EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY STOP LIST DOWN NOW FROM TWO HUNDRED TWENTY FIVE PAPERS TO LESS THAN FIFTY STOP IMPERATIVE YOU COME HOME AT ONCE AND HELP ME MAKE READJUSTMENT WITH KILEY STOP HAVE CONSULTED LAWYERS WHO ADVISE WE CAN CANCEL CONTRACT UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES WITHOUT INCURRING COUNTER SUIT FOR DAMAGES STOP MUST DO SOMETHING IMMEDIATELY AS WE ARE LOSING MORE THAN A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS AND STAND EVERY CHANCE OF LOSING A LOT MORE STOP DO NOT WANT TO TAKE ANY DRASTIC STEPS WITHOUT YOUR PRESENCE HERE WIRE ANSWER REGARDS MACADAM

CHARLES MACADAM
METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

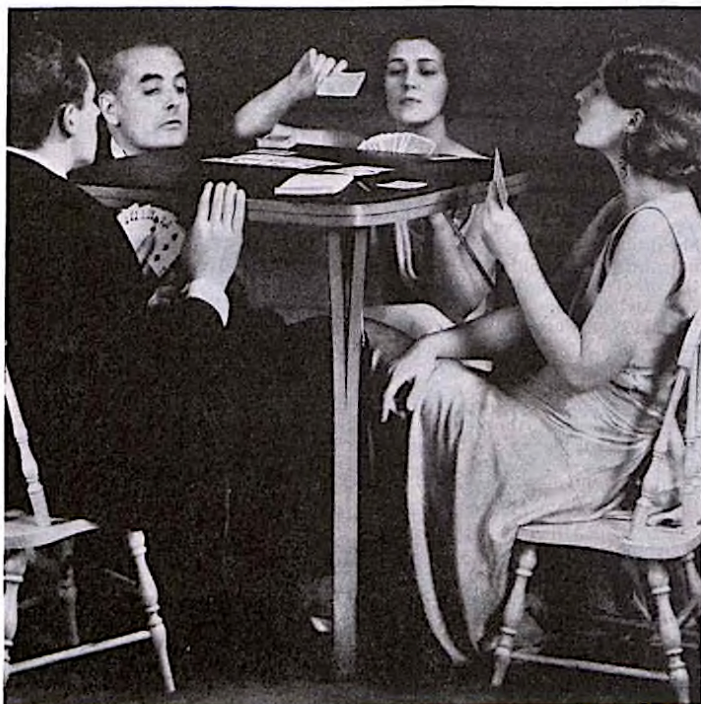
ARRIVING 88 BERMUDA FRIDAY MORNING STOP ARRANGE LUNCHEON CONFERENCE LAWYERS AND MEETING WITH KILEY LATE AFTERNOON REGARDS DILLON

[JAKE RISHUS, of Hollywood, has been showing IVAN STALINSKY, of Moscow, around the Super-Features lot, overawing him with the lavish opulence of American technical resources and at the same time secretly

(Continued on Page 102)



"He Just Sits and Looks and Waits Until Betty Comes In and Makes Some Coffee and Warms Some Beans. She Has a Little Room Across the Hall From Him, and Babies Him Like a Mother"



MISFITS . . .

THE woman who knows what keen joy Bridge can be, would as soon place kindergarten chairs for her guests as to ask them to play with poor quality cards. Adult players have outgrown the days when any old cards made a good game. Assure for your guests the thrill of a snappy shuffle, a smooth flowing deal, quick, accurate play, by letting them break the seals on packs of Congress Playing Cards. Distinguished by a high, lustrous, soil-resisting finish achieved by a half century's experience in making high-grade cards. Ask your dealer to show you the stunning new art backs created by America's foremost designers to lend colorful beauty to smart Bridge tables. The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., and Windsor, Canada.

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See newspapers for nearest station and time of broadcasting Auction and Contract Bridge Games by Milton C. Work.



CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

The World's Most Beautiful Cards

Smart New Styles on Sale Everywhere
Gold Edges Bridge Size

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 30)

frightening and depressing him with the remorseless rhythm of this great machine.

He delivers a subdued Russian wild-man back to SOL SCHMILICK, who is paid half a million dollars a year, and returning alone from SCHMILICK's office, JAKE encounters a distracted DOROTHY, lost on Stage X, in a crazy wilderness of cameras, scenery and electrical apparatus.

DOROTHY: I'm awfully sorry, but could you please tell me where I could find Mr. Gordon?

JAKE: Did you ask at the gate? They'd know where he is. What does he do?

DOROTHY: I did ask, and they said to go to the model stage. He's an artist. He designs scenery here.

JAKE: Scenery? Gordon? Oh, yes. Now I remember. I picked him up in Chicago. You'd better ask them at the office. They don't let visitors run around loose on this stage. This is where we keep all our secrets—do our trick shots, and so forth.

DOROTHY: I'm not a visitor. I'm Mrs. Kiley. And I have to see Mr. Gordon right away. It's important.

JAKE: Mrs. Kiley? Well, I'll send a boy back for you and see if we can find him. Kiley? That reminds me of something. Oh, yes, I guess you've been reading about that comic artist, Kiley, in New York, too, haven't you? Everybody has—Mister Noodle—the one that had that wild party. No relation, I hope.

DOROTHY: He's my husband.

JAKE: Oh! . . . Oh, I'm sorry. I mean — Say, boy! Go back in the art department and see if you can find Gordon and tell him to come here. He's one of the artists. . . . Gee, I'm sorry, Mrs. Kiley. Look; suppose I walk back with you and see if I can find Gordon for you. . . . Huh? Wait a minute. They're making a shot. We can't cross. See that little boat they're pulling across that puddle of water full of toy figures? Well, when you see that on the screen it'll be a boatload of Heidelberg students going down the Rhine River in Germany. Those fans hidden there make the waves. Clever, eh? We'll shoot the songs later and synchronize them in the cutting room. They're shooting the castles on the sky line now at the same time too. You know how they do that? I'll show you. They paint 'em on glass and leave a clear space in the middle for the action and shoot the picture through the glass. That's all. We can cross now. See? There it is—all on the glass. Pretty, ain't it? Seems kind of a shame to paint such a pretty picture to be used for only a few seconds and then throw it away.

DOROTHY: Isn't that pretty? It's beautifully done.

JAKE: Oh, we do some good work here. When you see it on the screen you can't tell it from real. . . . That's Mr. Gordon over there, isn't it? Do you know him when you see him?

DOROTHY: Yes, he's my father.

JAKE: Oh! . . . Oh, excuse me. Well, well, I guess I'll be going. . . . Gee! Gee! . . . Well, good-by.

DOROTHY: Hello, daddy. Caught you that time. What are you doing?

GORDON (startled): Dorothy! Didn't I tell you never —

DOROTHY: Daddy, I had to come. What are you doing there?

GORDON (guiltily): Oh, I'm just re-touching this a little. You can't come here, you know. I told you that, didn't I?

DOROTHY: Daddy, brace yourself. I'm going to New York.

GORDON: What?

DOROTHY: I'm going to New York.

GORDON: When? What for? Why?

DOROTHY: I've got to find out about Chic. What's happened to him. I just got a wire from MacAdam—said he opened my telegrams because he couldn't find Chic—didn't know where he was.

GORDON: Drunk, probably. Out on a bat.

DOROTHY: No, something's happened to him. He couldn't be drunk and completely disappear for nearly three weeks.

GORDON: Oh, he couldn't, eh? You don't know him yet, do you?

DOROTHY: Well, I've got to know. I'm going tonight. Maybe something's happened to him. He got killed or something.

GORDON: Nothing's happened to him. He's just out on another party. You'll read about it, with pictures—from left to right, Chic Kiley, Flossie Dimple-knees and the Scotch twins, Haig and Haig.

DOROTHY: Don't laugh.

GORDON: Laugh? Why should I? He's brought enough grief into my life. Yours, too, for that matter. And now you want to go back to him. Why, in heaven's name?

DOROTHY: I want to find out about him. I'm worried.

GORDON: Well, you'll find out about him all right, and then you'll really start worrying all over again. When are you going to grow up, anyway? Are you always going to be just a silly little sentimental fool? Haven't you learned anything? Don't you know it doesn't make any difference what has happened to him? Suppose he is in trouble. Do you think you can get him out of it? And suppose, by some great stroke of luck, he isn't in any trouble; he soon will be again. You couldn't keep him out of it before. What makes you think you can do it now?

DOROTHY: Maybe he's learned a lesson. Maybe he's changed.

GORDON: Listen, Dorothy. You love me a little bit, don't you?

DOROTHY: Why, certainly, daddy. I love you lots.

GORDON: And you have some confidence in my judgment, haven't you?

DOROTHY: Sure I have, but —

GORDON: Remember, we had a long talk about Chic once, and I tried to tell you what he was, and what he was like, and what you were letting yourself in for if you married him?

DOROTHY: I know, daddy, but I was in love.

GORDON: Exactly. You were in love, and that was some excuse for being foolish. But now you're not in love. You know that, don't you?

DOROTHY: I don't know, daddy.

GORDON: You know you're not. You're just feeling sorry for him. You're being sentimental. And that's not being strong; that's being weak. And you think you can come back to him with your weakness and add it to his, and that will change everything. Well, it won't. You can't change Chic. You can't change yourself—not really.

DOROTHY: Oh, I am changed.

(Continued on Page 105)

(Continued from Page 102)

GORDON: Oh, you are, are you? You invented one Chic Kiley and married him. He was a genius and he loved you and you were going to be supremely happy together. Well, he wasn't a genius and he didn't love you and you weren't happy. He was a big accident and he loved only himself and he broke your heart. And now, when you were just beginning to see things clearly and realize the truth, you get another brain-storm—three thousand miles away, you are inventing another imaginary Chic Kiley—all washed clean and pure and glorified by your great love—also imaginary. Isn't that so?

DOROTHY: Well, maybe; still —

GORDON: Dorothy dear, listen once and for the last time to an old man. All of us have the capacity for deluding ourselves. And for most of us, it is only our illusions that are real. We won't look at facts, or if we must look, we refuse to see them. I once had the illusion that I was going to be a great artist—that I was a great artist, in fact—and some day, when I didn't have to work for a living, I would sit and paint beautiful pictures and all the world would shout, "Hoch! A genius!" And it was this dream, this illusion, that kept me from going mad through all the years of drudgery, teaching a lot of blockheads who thought they wanted to be artists, who had no business trying to be artists, who could never be artists—like your Chic, for instance. And then, one day, they fired me because I wasn't modern, because I couldn't teach commercial art.

Well, I was glad. I didn't want to teach commercial art. It never occurred to me that the only art I respected and admired and loved was, once upon a time, just commercial art. The tombs of the Medici, the rose window of Chartres, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the frieze of the Parthenon, were all subsidized jobs, done to order by good workmen who took pride in their work and never heard the word "art." There weren't any books about art for them to read, so they couldn't get self-conscious. There weren't any newspapers. There weren't any critics. Old man Gutenberg and his movable type turned a lot of good artisans who might have been contented into a lot of lousy artists who are miserable.

DOROTHY: But you aren't miserable, daddy. And you're a good artist.

GORDON: I'm a good artisan. I know it now. And I'm contented. I was a bad artist, and I didn't know it, and I was miserable. That horrible trip through the Middle West where I was going to electrify them with my masterpieces, most of which I had to leave hanging in cheap hotels to pay the bills—that taught me something. But still I thought I was a great artist, only they were too stupid to appreciate me. So I came back to Chicago and sat around and brooded and painted more pictures and tried to sell them, but nobody would buy them. Then at last came the big opportunity—a motion-picture company sent a representative all the way from Hollywood to engage me to design scenery that would revolutionize the industry. It was a bit commercial, I thought, but, after all, here was an opportunity to elevate the drama and enlighten the masses. Did you ever hear what John Higinbotham told the young lady who announced that her little group of players was elevating the stage? He said, "Lady, you are suffering from an optical illusion. You think you are elevating the stage, but you are really depressing the audience."

Well, anyway, to make it short, I came to Hollywood, and here I am. I didn't tell you what I was doing, because I didn't think you would understand, and your pride might be hurt. Now I am going to tell you. I am not designing scenery that will elevate the drama and enlighten the masses. I am painting glass shots, just like this one. But I am painting them better than they were ever painted before. I've been working for two weeks on this one, and when I'm finished, they'll take it out and photograph it once and then smash it.

DOROTHY: But, daddy, that's horrible.

GORDON: It isn't horrible. I'm doing what I like to do, and they let me do it as well as I know how, and they pay me for it. I am proud of it, they're proud of it; I've just signed up for two more years at a big increase, and as for posterity—I agree with Mr. Dooley, who said, "Why should we do anything for posterity? What did posterity ever do for us?"

DOROTHY: Well, maybe you're right, daddy.

GORDON: I may not be entirely right. None of us are. But we can be entirely wrong. And we're never so wrong as when we go right on kidding ourselves when experience is trying to teach us better. And that's what you're doing, Dorothy. Think it over this time. Don't go back to New York tonight. Think about it long and hard before you do go. You're jumping back into the fire again, and you may not be lucky enough to come out of it this time. Are you going to listen to your old daddy just this once?

DOROTHY: Yes.

GORDON: And you won't go to New York tonight?

DOROTHY: No.

GORDON: And you won't go till you've thought it all over?

DOROTHY: No, daddy, I promise.

Office of the Meteor Syndicate, Times Building, New York City.

SECRETARY: There's a Miss White outside to see you, Mr. MacAdam.

MACADAM: White? White? What White? Who is she?

SECRETARY: She just said to tell you her name was White—Miss Betty White.

MACADAM: Betty White—Betty—Betty? Oh, now I know. Send her right in. Here, take this file with you and I'll call you when I'm finished.

SECRETARY: Yes, sir.

MACADAM: Heard of the Loop-A-Loop Sisters, haven't you?

SECRETARY (thrilled): Oh, is that the Betty?

MACADAM: That's the Betty. Take a good look at her and remember it if ever you should be tempted by a handsome boss.

SECRETARY (coolly): I try to remember things only when they are in the line of duty. . . . Mr. MacAdam will see you right away, Miss White.

MACADAM: Hello, Betty. Here, sit down here. I didn't know who it was, or I'd have had you come right in. How do you feel?

BETTY: Oh, all right, I guess.

MACADAM: I'm sorry about everything. But you know that.

BETTY: The flowers were beautiful. I didn't thank you because —

MACADAM: That's all right. . . . Now, now; don't cry. Things happen, you know—but after all — Well, it's tough, but what can we do? Huh? Just sort of got to take it on the chin and come up smiling. Isn't that so?

BETTY: I guess so.

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THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, 2101 INDIANA AVENUE, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MACADAM: Sure. Life is like that. Sometimes it's a bunch of roses; sometimes it's a club over the head; for no good reason at all. I gave up long ago trying to figure it out. What're you doing now?

BETTY: I'm working. Same place. You know—Marty's. He's a rat, but he was good to Bobbie and he's been good to me since—darn decent. I worked so long with my sister that I can't work alone. Don't know how. Haven't any routines. Not even if I felt like it, but he said, "Never mind; you go right ahead and do anything you can, and I'll pay you the same salary until you get sort of straightened out."

MACADAM: That's fair enough. I didn't know he had it in him.

BETTY: Oh, I guess everybody's got it in 'em, but you can't always find it.

MACADAM: I guess that's right too. (*Fidgeting with papers.*) I suppose you came in to see me about something. Huh?

BETTY: Yes.

MACADAM: I wanted to see you too. Didn't know where to look for you. We've been trying to find Chic for three weeks. That's what I wanted to see you about.

BETTY: That's what I came to see you for too.

MACADAM: Do you know where he is? Telegrams and letters have been piling up here for him. He was to be here at an important meeting three weeks ago Friday and he never showed up.

BETTY: I know.

MACADAM: Well, we're through with him anyway. We had to notify the few papers Kiley had left that we had no more of his strips on hand to send out. So they canceled their contracts with us.

BETTY: He's been sick.

MACADAM: He could telephone us, couldn't he?

BETTY: He's been too sick.

MACADAM: Yes, he's been sick like that before. But this is the finish.

BETTY: He's all right now. He's weak and feels terrible. He's had a dreadful time.

MACADAM: He's been on a dreadful drunk.

BETTY: He's all right now. He's sorry. He was terribly upset by everything and he couldn't help it. And I couldn't do anything with that sneaky Jap of his. The minute my back was turned, he'd give him another drink. I tried my best to get rid of him, but I couldn't. And when I had to leave to go to the club or get a little sleep, the Jap would go out and get another bottle, and every time Chic would wake up he'd fill up a water glass for him and give it to him. Well, he's gone now.

MACADAM: How did you get rid of him?

BETTY: I didn't. He took all of Chic's money and everything he could lay his hands on, and cleared out. Well, it was worth it to get rid of him. But I've had an awful time getting Chic on his feet again.

MACADAM: Did he send you down here?

BETTY: No, I just came. I didn't know where to go or what to do. Chic's broke. Hasn't got a cent. So I thought I'd come and tell you and bring him some money.

MACADAM: He hasn't anything coming from us. We've been advancing him money for months. He owes us at least a couple of thousand dollars.

BETTY: But what is he going to do? He hasn't anything and he's sick. Can't you advance him a little more?

MACADAM: Just a minute. I'll show you something. See this letter? We've been trying to find Chic for the last two weeks to give it to him. Do you know what it is?

BETTY: No. How should I know?

MACADAM: It's a legal notification of the cancellation of the contract between the Meteor Syndicate and Chic Kiley. It means that Mister Noodle is finished and Chic is no longer connected with us. Take it. You can give it to him when you see him. Where is he?

BETTY: He's in one of those little one-room kitchenettes. Registered under another name. He hasn't been out of bed for three weeks. And now he hasn't even enough money to pay his rent. Sato took everything.

MACADAM: Listen, Betty; I've been in this comic-strip business twenty-five years, and it isn't much older than that. I've met them all and I'll say some of the artists have been cuckoos, but the worst of them had some sense. Chic hasn't any. Maybe this will knock some into him, but I'm not optimistic. I feel sorry for a lot of the poor devils who come in here all day long, willing to work at anything. Big stars only a few years ago, always worked hard and still want to work. Why, I could name a dozen comic strips and pages that were sensations in their day. And then, almost overnight, the public taste changed; the tide went out and left them on the beach. That wasn't anybody's fault. But this is different. Mister Noodle was the biggest comic strip in America and Chic Kiley was sitting on top of the world, and he could have stayed there if he hadn't been such a complete fool. Tell him I said so, when you see him. Tell him I'm not even sorry for him. I'm sorry only for his wife, whose heart he broke—all those telegrams are from her, you can give him those, too—we opened them and had to wire her we couldn't find

him. And I'm sorry for his mother, who has been writing us frantically, trying to find out what became of him; and I guess I'm sorry for you, too, because you seem to like him, and all you'll get out of it is a broken heart like the rest of them.

GUM SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR MR. MACADAM: I thank you very much for finding out for me where my boy Charlie is, as I have been worried sick, not getting any word from him, and all those dreadful newspaper stories which his wife Dorothy clipped out and sent to me from California; although I know perfectly well Charlie is not a bad boy and he couldn't help it, except for the drink, which I have always told him he should never let pass his lips. But now that I know where he is, thanks to your kind letter, and that he is sick and has no one to take care of him; although it certainly is his wife's bounden duty to be with him now, though God knows he didn't treat her right, if I do say so as shouldn't, I feel you should get him to come home here, or else, if you don't think he would do it for you, I will come to New York myself and bring him home; although the thought of the long trip and all those nights on the cars and the dreadful roar and racket of New York frightens me half to death to think of it. Awaiting your reply, I am, respectfully,

MRS. MARY KILEY.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

MR. RICHARD DILLON,
HOTEL BERMUDIANA,
HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

DEAR DICK: Well, I just got back from Topeka, and I signed Willie Timmerman and the Muddle Family to a three-year contract, with the usual clauses and jokers. I think, if we work fast, we can get the old Noodle accounts to take the Muddles. I am working on a broadside and a big campaign now. Boy, I think we've got something here. I think it's better than Mister Noodle, and Willie isn't going to be so hard to handle. He wanted to come to New York right away, but I said, "Listen, baby, you stay right out here, next to this silo, and if I ever hear of you starting East, I'll have you shot before you get to St. Louis."

I'm glad you're enjoying your interrupted vacation. As it turned out, you needn't have come, but how was I to know Chic would fire himself? Well, it only goes to show you never can tell what a comic will do. I thought I knew them all, but I met a pip of a new one the other night. He comes, like Willie, from a little inland town out West somewhere and is crazy about the sea.

So, when he gets snozzled, he doesn't try to pick fights, or go to sleep, or sit around and talk about himself all night, like other comics, but he goes out and buys himself a great big fish, and then he carries it around with him tenderly and proudly, everywhere he goes, until he sobers up, and then he has it cooked and eats it.

Speaking of big fish, I suppose you'd like to know what Chic Kiley is doing these days. Well, he's in a little room in one of those brownstone walk-ups in the West Seventies, and he sits by the window all day and looks out at nothing. And he doesn't shave or comb his hair, and he doesn't even bother to dress—just sits and looks and waits until Betty comes in and makes some coffee and warms some beans. She has a little room across the hall from him, and babies him like a mother. Crazy about him. Can you beat it? And half the time I don't think he even notices she's around. You never saw anyone so completely licked. All that cocksureness he had when he came down here from Chicago is gone. Well, I've seen New York take a lot of them, but I've never seen anyone taken so fast or with such finish. I felt sorry for him, and Betty, too, but I couldn't get him to rouse up or take an interest in anything. And I know Betty has all she can do to keep herself going. So, when I had a chance, I took her aside before I left and slipped her a fifty and told her not to let Chic know, because he might get a cock-eyed idea he had it coming to him.

I've had a couple of letters from Chic's mother, and I finally wrote and told her I thought it would be a God's blessing if she'd come and get Chic and take him back down to the country with her, away from what the boys call "All This." I gather from her letters she's a sweet old thing, but with a mind of her own, just the same, and very religious; and I bet there'll be fireworks when she comes and finds Betty hovering around her boy. A night-club hostess in a gunman's cabaret. Well, it does sound bad when you say it slow, but I hope she'll be keen enough to see Betty is a darn sight more of a gentleman than her precious Charlie has ever been. But just the same, I hope she gets him out of here and takes him back home to the apple orchard. It's a dirty trick to play Betty, I suppose, or rather she will think it is; but, as a matter of fact, I'll be doing her a good turn, and she'll thank me for it some day. Or rather, she won't. Who ever comes back with a thank you for anything these days? Only a movie usher.

Severely yours,

MACADAM.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

drums and bugles that bring headaches, should be classed as a benefactor is a mystery. These are the methods by which Claus sublimates his hatred of children. A powerful, bitter work, this Teufel Claus. It should be in the hands of every child on Christmas morning.

—JEROME BARRY.

Ballade of Procrastination

WHEN holiday dreams by the summer sea
My workaday worries were clarifying,
When hands were idle and thoughts were free,

There was time and to spare for the Christmas buying;
But I wait, poor fool, till the year is dying,
And winds are freezing and snow-flakes dropping,
Till aisles are crowded and prices sky-high—
Then hey! for a flurry of frenzied shopping!

When tea rooms neighbored each wayside tree,
A wealth of delectable junk supplying,
When peddlers flaunted their broderie,
There was time and to spare for the Christmas buying.

Now lists are long and the hours are flying;
Once more, alas, through the sleet I'm slopping;
The milk is spilt, and it's late for crying—
Then hey! for a flurry of frenzied shopping!

When fair booths flowered with lingerie,
When gifty gadgets galore were lying
In the boardwalk shop of the Japanee,
There was time and to spare for the Christmas buying.
I curse my weakness, there's no denying,

When nerves are frazzled and brains are popping,
But I never reform, for all my trying!
Then hey! for a flurry of frenzied shopping!

ENVOI

Procrastination, thy end is sighing!
There was time and to spare for the Christmas buying;
Our best resolves have a way of flopping—
Then hey! for a flurry of frenzied shopping!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VIII

THE Concourse of the Grand Central Station, New York City.

MACADAM: We needn't stand here and wait at the gate, Mrs. Kiley. The train doesn't leave until midnight.

MRS. KILEY: We might miss it if we went and sat down some place. It might go away without me.

MACADAM: But it won't go till twelve o'clock, Mrs. Kiley, and it's only 11:30 now.

MRS. KILEY: You never can tell, Mr. MacAdam. You can't trust them. I wouldn't trust anybody. I'm going to stand right here and wait. I was going to catch No. 23 once—that's the southbound that goes up about quitting time in the evening—it goes down in the morning about nine. And just as I was going out the gate I heard a whistle, and around the curve it came, and before I could get down to the depot, with that engineer watching me running down the track, he just lit right out and left me. And me right on time too. So I always said, after that: "If I ever have to catch a train, I'm going to get down there early, and I'd like to see it pull out without me. . . ." You don't mind waiting, do you? A little standing won't tire you. My goodness, you're young enough to be my son. You ought to follow me around through the plowed ground a couple of days. I bet you'd be all tuckered out. Did you ever live on a farm? . . . Well, isn't that strange? Seems to me everybody I meet and talk to in the city came from the farm. Isn't anybody ever born in these places like New York and Chicago? I can't say as I blame 'em. It's certainly no place to live. . . . Where are all those men going in those funeral clothes, with the women all dressed up?

MACADAM: They've been to the theater, I guess, and they're going home.

MRS. KILEY: And about time. A nice hour of the night to be traipsing around. Been to one of those night clubs, more than likely. No good will ever come of that. I was telling Charlie only before I left tonight, I said, "Charlie, you should have had your lesson with one night-club woman, and here I come and find you all sugar and molasses with another one. Although I will say, Mr. MacAdam, it's more on her side than his. And I told her so, too, and she was brazen enough to admit it. Right to my face she told me. "Sure," she says, "sure, I love him." And I says, "But he doesn't care for you." And she says, "He does too. And even if he doesn't, I don't care." And I says, "His place is at home with me." And she says, "You couldn't keep him there before, could you?" And I says, "What business is that of yours, young lady?" And she says, "It isn't any business of mine, but it's my business to keep him here in New York, and I'm going to." Right to my face she told me that. Well, I never — Look! All those people running for that train. Come on. Hurry up! We'll get left.

MACADAM: But that isn't your train, Mrs. Kiley. That's a Westchester local. Come back here. Your train doesn't leave till midnight.



"Well, Good-by Again, and Good Luck, and Let Me Hear From You Sometime. I Don't Suppose I'll be Seeing You Soon"

MRS. KILEY: You never can tell. Did I tell you about the one that ran away from me right under my nose? I was going up to the county seat and — Oh, look! Where's that crowd going? What a lot of people! And look at them push. Why do they push? If they're in such a hurry to go home, why didn't they start long ago? I'll tell you, I'm glad I'm going home. I thought Chicago was bad, but New York — my, my, I'll never get the roar and racket out of my ears. If only Charlie was coming back with me. I think he would have, too — only for her. It's her influence. Charlie was always a soft omadhaun when it came to women. Although I'll give her her due. She made him stop drinking, so she did. It's more than I could do, with all my precepts and examples. And didn't she throw it up to me? "What can you do for him in the country?" says she. "Even if he'd stay down there, which he wouldn't. I'm getting him straightened out," says she, "and he's stopped

running around. Pretty soon he's going to go back to work, and he'll be better than ever." And I says, "Yes, we heard ducks in Jersey. . . ." Is that my train? That must be my train. Look! Everybody's running. Come! Quick!

MACADAM: Your train doesn't leave till midnight, Mrs. Kiley. Now, don't worry. I'll put you on it. I've taken good care of you here in New York, haven't I?

MRS. KILEY: You have, that. Better than my own son. It's good to your own mother, too, you are, I'll wager. You have a kind heart, and the saints will bless you for it. Wouldn't you think, now, that my own son would have more of a heart in him? And me coming all the way from Illinois to see him and bring him back with me. And him saying, "No; let me be." And cleaving to another woman, and her kicking up her legs in a night club. "Is that what I raised you for?" I said, and no answer could he answer. "Let me be" is all I could get out of him. And her buzzin' in and out of the room like a horsefly. "Is that decent?" I says to him. "You here in this room and that woman across the hall in that room, and her over here all hours of the day and night. What kind of high jinks is that? Don't ever think I'll cotton to such carryings-on." And he says, "Don't talk nonsense, mother." And I says, "Maybe it's nonsense, and maybe it isn't nonsense, but I see what I see and I know what I know." And believe me, I told this Betty person what I thought, too, before I was in the house ten minutes. I waltzed right over to her room, and I says, "Look here. What are you doing here with my son? Wasn't it enough that your sister should drag him down, but you should pursue him in this shameful manner?" And she says, "If it wasn't for me, do you know where your precious son would be?" And I says, "He'd be home with me." And she says, "He'd be in a gutter." And I says, "Gutter yourself! That's where you're trying to drag him."

But I will say, Mr. MacAdam, I wasn't around very long before I saw there was something in what she said. In and out of the room

she was, to be sure, but it was only to be kind to him and to cheer him up, and to cook little things for him, and for me too. And not a harsh word out of her. And me giving her a bitter tongue and a black look for her pains. "I know what you think," says she, "and it doesn't matter. There are a lot of things you know, Mrs. Kiley, and there are a lot of things you don't know."

"And what do I know?" says I. "Well, for one thing," she says, "you know there are only two kinds of girls—good girls and bad girls—and a good girl is always good and a bad girl is always bad." "And isn't that so?" says I. "What kind of bringing up did you have to think different?" "It isn't so," says she. "There are good girls who can be bad and bad girls who can be good." "And what are you?" I says. And she says, "What do you think?" And I says, "I'll let you know in good time. . . ."

(Continued on Page 26)

(Continued from Page 24)

What time is it, anyway? I feel the need of a snack. Give over my valise, there, and I'll get you out something good. You just unstrap it. . . . There—see?—right on top. Aren't those nice apples? You take that dark red one. That's a winesap. Look at it—not a blemish. And small wonder, with five sprayings and me out in the fields, cooking the lime-sulphur solution myself, with a big strapping hulk of a boy sitting around here in New York doing nothing. "If you won't go back with me, I'll go back alone," I says. "I'll get along," I says. "If you haven't any more gumption than to let your old mother carry all the load on her shoulders," I says, "then bad cess to you and your like." And he says, "I suppose by that you mean Betty." And I says, "No, I don't mean Betty. She's twice the man that you are," I says. "She's a worker," I says; "she doesn't sit around and loaf all day. And she has a kind heart," I says, "and she doesn't think of herself all the time," I says. "And that's all you think of," I says. "So stay here and think," I says, "and I'll go home to the spraying," I says. "A good tree of apples is worth a dozen of you," I says. "My sorrow that I should have left them to the bugs and come all the way down here to New York because of you," I says. And with that I left him and came right down to your office, and says, "Take me to the depot," I says, "and put me on the first train that goes to Gum Springs," I says, "for I'm shaking the dust of this place, and I'm going back to the country, where it's calm and peaceful and you see the hand of God everywhere."

MACADAM: Your train ought to be ready now, Mrs. Kiley. Let me close your bag.

MRS. KILEY: The train? We'll miss it! Hurry up. We're going to be late. . . . Let me through here, mister. The train will pull out without me. You can't trust them. . . . Here's the train. I'll be going in and finding a seat. . . . All right now. Good-by, Mr. MacAdam, and God bless you. Tell Charlie—

Tickets, please. Here; you keep this part and change at Chicago. . . . What's the matter? Why are you crying? Are you in trouble, madam?

I'm not crying. You just mind your own business, young man.

(From Louis Sobel's *Your Broadway and Mine*)

What has become of:

Anagrams?

The eighteen-day diet?

Hoboken?

Mister Noodle?

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

DEAR MOTHER: I am feeling lots better. I have had a chance to do several things, but I turned them down—not important enough—and now I am considering a number of propositions. I am taking my time too. One should never seem anxious to get anything in this town. You just sit back, and wait and say no long enough, and after a while they'll beg you to take it. A lot of these wise guys around here think, just because Mister Noodle is finished, that I am finished too. A lot they know about it. These papers down here need me if they only knew it. All these comic artists down here give me a pain. What are they doing? The same thing they've been doing for years. That's all they can do. Say, I got a

million ideas to their one. I just had a rotten break, that's all. And then a lot of vicious publicity because they were jealous of the enormous success of my Mister Noodle. Well, the same brain that conceived Mister Noodle can hatch out other ideas too. And better. They know it, but they won't admit it. They just want me to come crawling around with my hat in my hand, so they can beat me down to their own price. Well, I'll fool them. I'll just sit back and make them come to me. All that bum publicity has blown over already. I bet you the general readers don't remember the most of it. They don't remember much, anyway. They don't know much, either. About three things would cover it—where they live, and how much they make—well, that's about all. Ask them who discovered America—they know that. Ask them who Ruth Snyder killed—they couldn't tell you. They'll ask you what picture she's playing in. To hell with the public, I say. They just eat and drink, and have children who only know where they live.

Meanwhile, I wonder if you could do me a little favor. I have to keep up appearances while I am waiting to make the proper connection, and if I could have maybe a hundred dollars or so, I'd pay it back to you within a few weeks. I might even send it back to you next week. Just a little temporary something to tide me over. I wouldn't ask you, only I really need it just at this writing, because I want to get a few mugs off my neck who I don't want to owe any obligations to, they proving they are certainly not friends in need, because when I needed a hundred, they'd say "Here's ten," and then treat me like I was a leper or something. So a hundred or two, or maybe three, if you could spare it, would clean up a lot of these little things and enable me to look them all right in the eye and tell them to jump in the lake.

Betty wants to know if you got her letter. Nice-enough kid, Betty, but she gets on my nerves. Always wanting to know where I am going and who I am going out with, and bawling me out if I have a little drink. You'd think

(Continued on Page 92)



ARTHUR
WILLIAM
BROWN
30

"And I Says, 'His Place is at Home With Me.' And She Says, 'You Couldn't Keep Him There Before, Could You?' And I Says, 'What Business is That of Yours, Young Lady?'"



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(Continued from Page 90)

burden would be merely shifted to the shoulders of the American people.

"What would be the effect if the Administration went to Congress with a proposition to cancel or reduce the debts? Little short of an earthquake of opposition would develop. We already have a deficit in our budget. This deficit is bound to be increased because the unemployment-relief program calls for the absorption of the entire public-works appropriation. If we reduce the debts we will be obliged to make up the

shortage through increased taxation. If we were foolish enough to assent to any such program, the United States, and not Germany, would pay the reparations.

"The movement for a reshuffling of the debts is just so much wasted effort. Justice dictates that the United States stand unalterably on the arrangements which are signed and sealed. We entered into them in good faith and we expect the same good faith from our debtors. This decision will doubtless increase our unpopularity abroad, but,

happily, sane American action has long since passed the point where it is influenced by European opinion dictated by self-interest."

This article was inspired by commodity overproduction. In the end you find that solution of the surplus problem lies in rationalized curtailment of output—a process that applies no less to debt-revision propaganda than to rubber, coffee, copper and sugar. What this distracted world needs more than anything else is a moratorium on nationalistic interference.

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 26)

she was my mother or something. Of course she was pretty decent to me when I was sick, so I don't want to hurt her feelings, but she's certainly getting on my nerves. Coming around at all hours, checking up on me; sometimes she brings me things like cold chicken and stuff like that she cops from the Hot-Cha-Cha kitchen, but she gets on my nerves. Always nagging, "Why don't you do this? Why don't you do that? Why don't you get any kind of a job till you get on your feet?" What does she know about business? That would be a nice how-do-you-do—Chic Kiley taking any kind of job. Why, my name would be mud in this town. You've got to put up a front in little old New York. It's all front in New York. Nice, smooth, starched front. They've got a saying down here, "If you lose your shirt you can wear a dickey."

How are you, anyway? You didn't look so good when you was down here. Don't forget the money.

Your loving son,
CHIC.

(From Variety)
LITERATI

Is there anything more washed up in this town than somebody who's washed up and doesn't know it? Six months ago Mister Noodle was the Amos 'n' Andy of the newspaper world, and now, almost any hour of the day and night, you can see Chic Kiley moping up and down the Hardened Artery, hiding behind a three days' beard and playing tough and go with the boys he used to wine and dine with sound and effects. The same gang is throwing bottles, now, out of somebody else's windows, pouring liker into somebody else's piano, patting somebody else on the back, looking for the vital spot, to stab 'em.

Well, they come and go, but mostly they go.
Next?

ON BOARD THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY

DEAR BETTY: I guess you'll be surprised to get this and see where it's written. I am on board the Century going to Chicago, and will arrive there tomorrow morning, go right over to the Chicago Star office and see Mason, the big boss, and put straight up to him a bunch of ideas I've got, which he can't help but fall for one of them. I was going to tell you yesterday, but you was out all day looking for a job, I guess, and last night I had a farewell party with some of the gang, who were sure sorry to see me go, and I didn't get in till almost morning, and then, what with this and that and the other, I just had time to catch the train, and here I am. So this is good-by, and many thanks for past favors.

I'm sure sorry they padlocked the Hot-Cha-Cha, but a good hoover like you won't be out of work very long. About the money I owe you, don't

worry about it, as I will soon be making it hand over fist again and will send you all I owe you, plus interest. All my worries are over now. Chicago was always my oyster, and you can imagine, if I was a big shot in New York, what I will be back in that one-horse town.

Would you mind taking care of the rent and the laundry and a few odds and ends like that? I needed all I had for my fare and to tide me over for a couple of weeks in Chicago, until I begin to collect.

Well, good-by again, and good luck, and let me hear from you sometime. I don't suppose I'll be seeing you soon, but don't forget the name, Chic Kiley, and the address, which will be The Chicago Star until further notice.

CHIC.

CHIC KILEY
C/O CHICAGO STAR
CHICAGO ILL
BOBBIE WAS RIGHT STOP ONE MORE SAP AND ONE MORE BEATING STOP I GUESS I WILL NEVER LEARN BETTY

Office of James P. Mason, Editor,
Chicago Star.

SECRETARY: Mr. Kiley is here to see you.

MASON: Kiley? Who's that? What does he want?

SECRETARY: You know—Chic Kiley—Mister Noodle?

MASON: Noodle? I thought he was in jail. Send him in. . . . Tell Bamberger to hold up on those new presses and ask the architect what he means by blocking the corner windows on the twenty fourth and fifth and sixth floors of the new addition. Wait a minute. Tell him he'll have to open them up again at his own expense. . . . Hello, Kiley. . . . And get the London offices on the phone. . . . Sit down. What's on your mind?

CHIC: I thought I'd come in and see you.

MASON: So I see. Last I heard of you, you were in jail or something. Throwing wild parties, wasn't it?

CHIC: It wasn't so wild, Mr. Mason. Mason: They never are. All my life I've heard about wild parties, and never saw one. At least, not what I'd call wild. Some gal fell off the balcony, wasn't it?

CHIC: Yes, sir.

MASON: And a great wave of moral indignation swept the country and covered you and Mister Noodle with mud a foot deep.

CHIC: Yes, sir. But I've got some new ideas. I thought maybe I'd come and see you about starting Mister Noodle again.

MASON: Don't want it. It's a dead horse.

CHIC: Well, I've got a couple of brand-new ideas for strips, Mr. Mason.

MASON: That's bad.

CHIC: But one of them has never been done before.

MASON: Worse. Doomed to failure. The most successful strips running today were always successful, long before they were strips. Same ideas. Big dumb guy picking on a little smart guy. German dialect, colored dialect, Brooklyn dialect—same thing. Has anything ever happened in any of 'em that hasn't happened a million times in a million homes?

CHIC: I know, but they aren't funny.

MASON: They don't have to be funny. Did you ever watch anyone read a comic page? Did you ever see him laugh? People don't want to laugh so much as they want to feel superior to somebody else. They want to be taller, or richer, or better-looking, than the people they associate with, and the only places most newspaper readers can find such people to gloat over are in comic strips. Even if the character is rich, he's so filthy rich it's incredible, so it doesn't make them envious. So they accept him and take a vicarious delight in helping him spend his money foolishly, buying all the luxuries they can never have.

CHIC: But I think, with my experience now, Mr. Mason, I can make a more successful strip than Mister Noodle even.

MASON: What of it? I can take a layout artist out of the Sunday room, just like I took you, and have him drawing comic strips in a week. And with enough promotion back of it, I can plant it in every big city in the United States. And with enough publicity back of the promotion, I can make two-thirds of those editors think it's good. That's half of it. The rest is just running it. Run it and run it and run it. A successful strip is any old strip that's been kept running long enough. Stop any of 'em today and it wouldn't make any difference to the public. Or the papers either. When you came to me for more money, I told you to take your Mister Noodle and run with it. That was two years ago, and the circulation of the Star has increased a hundred thousand since then; but that wasn't the real reason I let you go. You were getting enough money—more than you had sense enough to take care of. I knew any more would ruin you. And it did. You know, the only way to keep any kind of an artist good is to keep him poor. And that goes for writers too. And editors.

CHIC: Oh, I don't think that, Mr. Mason.

MASON: No? Well, tell me one successful artist who didn't do better work five years ago. Take yourself. What happened to you in New York? The best stuff you did was right here, when you were instinctively putting into it the human stuff you remembered from down in the country. Then

you went to New York, and you were too busy playing golf and studying human nature in night clubs to remember anything that happened further back than last week. And then, to finish the job, some log-roller slapped you on the back and right away you were full of cosmic significance. You were interpreting the real soul of the American people. In New York! There aren't any Americans in New York. And not many in Chicago. There aren't many left anywhere. You can still find some in the small towns, and more in the country, but it's a vanishing race. The flivvers made imitation small-town out of the country people, and the movies made imitation city people out of the small-town, and the radio is rapidly making imitation cosmopolites out of these imitation Americans. So I'd say, if you still want to interpret the soul of the American people—and why you should want to, I don't know—you'd better try to find some part of the country where there are no movies, radios or flivvers.

CHIC: Well, there sure ain't many where I was raised, Mr. Mason.

MASON: Where was that?

CHIC: Gum Springs, Illinois. Down near Herrin.

MASON: Perfect. Go back there and stay till you get some fresh air in your lungs and a good long look at yourself. And then, if you still want to do comic strips, try something you really know something about. By this time you ought to know more about yourself than anything else. For instance, here's an idea. I'll give it to you for nothing. The character's a country boy, raised in the country, dissatisfied, comes to the city; equipment consists principally of not liking the country, doesn't know really what he likes, tries a lot of things, hits on something more or less accidentally; it goes over with a bang; he's surprised, everybody's surprised; it keeps on going, gets bigger, gets enormous; he gets rich, famous overnight. Lots of people do; they'll recognize it as true. Something happens and the big balloon that was taking him for a ride blows up. He falls right back on the ground where he was—where he belonged in the first place. That also happens to lots of people. So he squawks and bellyaches for a while, and finally decides the world is against him and everybody has it in for him. Spends the rest of his life reminding everybody of the time when he was a big shot, firmly convinced that tomorrow his luck will turn and the big break will come, and he'll be bigger and better than ever. Call it anything. Call it Mister Whosis. There are millions of them, and every one of them will think it's the other guy.

CHIC: You know, that's a pretty good idea, Mr. Mason.

MASON: I knew you'd like it. . . . Well, good-by. Good luck. As you go out tell my secretary to come in here.

CHIC: Good-by, Mr. Mason.

SECRETARY: That was Mister Noodle, wasn't it?

MASON: No, Mister Whosis.

MRS. MARY KILEY
GUM SPRINGS ILL.
ARRIVING MORNING TRAIN TOMORROW STOP HOW ARE YOU CHIC

[No. 9 chuckles into Gum Springs in a shower of sparks and a rain of ashes, and CHIC KILEY, yellow gloves, stick and suitcase to match, stumbles out on the cinder platform to be greeted by OLD DOC NOONAN, whistling in solitary grandeur, on the same box where CHIC left him years before.

CHIC (heartily): Hullo, Doc. Fancy meeting you here. How's tricks?

Doc (placidly): Mornin', Charlie. Been away, Charlie?

CHIC (nelted): Of course I've been away.

Doc: Up to th' big city, Charlie?

CHIC: Well, for Gawd's—certainly. New York, Chicago—oh, everywhere, Doc.

Doc (studying freshly carved initials with professional pride): Been doin' pieces for th' paper, I hear tell. Eh, Charlie?

CHIC (exasperated): Say, haven't you ever heard of Mister Noodle?

Doc (mildly): Can't say as I have, Charlie. (Long thoughtful pause.) Nope. Can't seem t' place him hereabouts. (Dismisses subject as unimportant and gives morning sky a friendly, but critical examination.) The corn is goin' t' get more rain, Charlie, and it's most drowned out now in th' bottoms. So you been away? Well, well; I guess you're glad t' get back t' good ol' Gum Springs, eh, Charlie?

I'm going to make you a nice breakfast, son; you must be all tuckered out after that night on the train. I got your wire yesterday evening after sundown. Isn't it a great relief to you now to be down here in the nice, quiet country? There's nothing like Nature, is there? But then you folks in the city don't know much about Nature, or God either, for that matter. You're very far from God, but we down here in the country—we know what God is like. We can see His hand everywhere. We can collect our thoughts here. We're not all the time running around and gadding about, coming here and going there. What you ever saw in it, beats me. But then, you was always the restless one, even when you was a little boy here at home. If I took my eyes off of you for a minute, you'd light out some place. That time I visited you in Chicago, and after I came back from New York, I thought I'd never get the roar and racket out of my ears, and I was so glad to come back here and lie down on that bed and rest.

How anybody can ever sleep on a train beats me—what with the racketing and the pounding. I'd rather sit up all night. I sat up coming back from New York.

I had quite a spell after I got back from New York—change of water, I guess—and I've just been able to get up and around on my feet. You knew Brother John was dead since you was here last, didn't you? And his Mary and Cora? They all died within a few weeks. . . . I'll fry you some bacon too. . . . Mary went first. I guess she's better off, poor girl, but she died a beautiful death. You know she wasn't very happy, Mary wasn't. . . . Shall I warm you over some of these potatoes?

I was telling you about my spell. It was a kind of flu, I guess. . . . Would you rather I opened the peaches or the cherries? You can have either one. The cherries are good with the biscuits.

I get that upset when you come to see me. It's the excitement, I guess. I'm not used to it. Nothing exciting ever happens down here. Everything's so quiet and peaceful, I always say, if you want to know what God is like, you want to live in the country.

What did you do with all your money? Well, easy come, easy go. You should have to work hard for your money, like we do down here, to know the value of a dollar. There's Mollie with those five little mouths to feed and Ed hardly ever sending anything

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home and the oldest not able to take care of the youngest. He hasn't been home now for six months, working off and on in Indianapolis. Remember, I asked you once to get him something steady to do in Chicago. He's quite handy.

Here's little Annie now. Wipe your feet before you come in, darling. Don't come in so noisy. Come in quiet. This is Charlie. You remember my always talking to you about my boy Charlie, in the city. He was smaller than you. It seems just like yesterday. Well, I'm directing her footsteps in the path of righteousness, just the way I tried to direct you. What doth it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul? You've learned that lesson, Charlie. . . . She's a bright little girl, Annie is, but she has a lot to learn. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.

I suppose you can notice from where you're sitting that Brother John's barn fell down. He was always propping it up, poor John was. The very day before he got so weak he had to go to bed, he was out there propping up that old barn. . . . Did I tell you how Mary sang hymns all night before she died? It was beautiful. Very inspiring. She was always very religious, Mary was.

And Cora; she was always a beautiful girl, Cora was. Do you remember how blue her eyes were, and she had hair like a raven's wing? An Irish beauty, Cora was, and she used to send money home from St. Louis where she was clerking in a big store. Men were always crazy about her. They'd follow her with their eyes, but she came home to die. I think all children should do that—and Margaret laid her away in grand shape too. She was a beautiful corpse. But so thin she was under her dress. Maybe Margaret would have done better to have spent more on her when she was sick at home and less when she was dead. And John went soon after his daughters. He was always peaked, John was. Margaret and the girls had no use for him. Many's the time I've seen him driving a load of hay home, and he'd have to climb down off the wagon and open the gate himself, and there was that woman and those grown girls who wouldn't open that gate for their father. Then he'd have to climb back up on the load and drive around to that old barn that he was always propping up.

Well, he's gone now, and the barn too. It fell down the night he died, for all his propping. I've heard of clocks' stopping. My mother's clock stopped when she died—ten o'clock, it was—but I never heard of a barn falling down before. Well, I guess we don't know everything. God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Poor Brother John is dead now, and the girls are dead; and Margaret will be the next, I guess, for all her money and tight-fisted way. She's a queer one. Always was. They had a bad drop in them, those McCanns, and a stiff-necked lot they were. . . .

Annie, you shouldn't sit around and listen to grown-ups talking. Go out and play, or bring me some more wood and take some of these potatoes over to your mother. . . . I can tell you, I gave Margaret a piece of my mind. I went over there when I heard poor John was ill and they had him in the back room where there wasn't any fire and it was freezing cold, and I said, "You're not going to have my brother in the back room. He's going to be right up there in the front room in that bed near the hearth." And then she wouldn't put him in that bed. She said it was her best bed, and she put

him on a cot, and you know a sick man can't sleep on a cot, and he was so weak he had to be carried.

So I said right there, I said to her, "He's my brother, and I'm going to see he gets justice, and he's going to lie in that bed in the front room, even if I have to carry him in there myself," and I could have done it, too, he was that thin and wasted away—seventy-one years old, he was—I was sixty-nine in April. So finally Margaret let them carry him in front, and I sat up with him for five nights, every night except one, and of course that was the night he died. So I always say the ways of God are mysterious to behold. But she did put him away beautiful. She had the hearse up the hard road for him too. And now they're all in a row up there on the hill—John, Mary and Cora—and a place for Margaret all ready there too. . . . Have some more potatoes. I suppose you cook them in butter in the city, but butter is hard to get down here in the country. We have to sell it in order to get sugar and coffee. We raise everything else down here, but we can't raise our own sugar and coffee. I guess if we could, we would.

I suppose you get lots better things than this to eat in the city, but you were raised on food like this, and I bet there's lots of times you'd be glad to have some of your mother's biscuits. Many a good meal's been cooked on this stove.

Mollie is coming over now. I can see her coming across the lot. I guess her Annie told her you're back. Doesn't she look bad? It's that man she married. Why doesn't he stay away from home when he goes? Oh, I pulled him down a peg or two, I can tell you. "Don't you ever let me catch you laying a finger on Mollie," I said. "I hear tell you beat her," I said. "I've known her since she was knee-high to a gosling and she's a good girl. Too good for you, so she is. She's my sister's child, and I raised her, and that she should go and marry a good-for-nothing omadhaun like you, drinking your wages away."

Come in, Mollie. Wipe your feet. Don't you think Charlie is looking fine? A gay time he's been having in the city. I tell him he doesn't know the value of a dollar. And now, I wish you would look at these biscuits. I forgot to put sody in them and they're as flat as a pancake. . . . Did you make biscuits this morning, Mollie? Send Annie back to bring me some and I'll warm them over. . . . You can be having more hot coffee, Charlie, and eat your eggs and bacon, and tell Mollie all about New York. . . . A sorry place the city is, Mollie, with its crime and corruption and what not. I get so I'm afraid to look at the papers. I don't wonder you came home, Charlie, down here in the country where all is calm and peaceful and you can see the hand of God everywhere.

Office of the Meteor Syndicate, Times Building, New York City.

SECRETARY: I've got a surprise for you, Mr. MacAdam.

MACADAM: I can't be surprised any more.

SECRETARY: I think this will surprise you. Mister Noodle is coming to life again. Here's a letter from him.

MACADAM: No fooling! Let's hear it.

SECRETARY: "Dear Charlie: Well, Charlie, I guess I got a cuckoo for you this time. A real comic-strip idea that'll make Mister Noodle look like a plugged nickel. I guess you thought I'd died or

something, but all the time I was laying low, I was thinking things over pretty serious. You know, there's a lot more to this comic-strip racket than appears on the surface. The trouble with most of these comic-strip artists is that they don't think. Why, the only reason their strips are successful is because they've been run long enough. You know yourself you can take a poor strip and run it long enough and it'll be a success. And another thing—even the good ones are just old ideas, you might say.

"You see, I've been thinking things over down here in the country and I hit upon a real sock idea. I call it Mister Whosis. Is that a name, or isn't it? I can see it now, all over the country in newspapers and billboards and electric lights. It will be not only about the city but about the country, too, so it will have appeal for all classes of readers. I am giving you the first crack at it, instead of Mason, although I had an opportunity to sell the idea to Mason when I passed through Chicago a couple of weeks ago. Since then I've done six of the strips as samples and am sending them to you in this mail, special delivery. Let me hear from you by wire. I am prepared to hop the next train and come on to New York to talk business. Say hello for me to all my playmates along the Big Stem and tell them I'll be seeing them soon."

"CHIC KILEY,
"Creator of Mister Whosis."

MACADAM: Well, well, did the strips come?

SECRETARY: Yes, here they are. Not bad.

MACADAM: Let's see. . . . No, they ain't half bad. You know, he might do a comeback if he stays down there in the alfalfa long enough. There's some pretty good country stuff in this—human stuff. It's the city that ruins these guys. That and big dough and a lot of back-slappers. Take the Muddle Family. Great, ain't it?

SECRETARY: I'll say. We put on ten more papers last week.

MACADAM: There you are. You know why? Because that guy Willie Timmerman is out there in Kansas doing his stuff under a silo. He's wiggling his bare toes in the plowed ground. Why, you can smell the horse sweat on that stuff. And when I signed him up I says, "Listen; you stay out here. If you start East, I'll have you shot before you get to St. Louis." I wish now I'd put it in his contract.

Doer flies open and in bursts a lanky, nut-brown lad with a freckle for every light on Broadway.

STRANGER: Hello, Charlie! Where's Grover Whalen? Where's the brass band?

MACADAM: Willie Timmerman!

TIMMERMAN: Willie Timmerman, the boy genius from the great open spaces. Creator of Mister Muddle, Missus Muddle and all the little Muddles. . . . Just got in. Boy, what a town! How long has this been going on? Oh, you little old New York! Look! There's the Chrysler Building with all that shiny stuff on top. Seen it in the movies. I'm gonna have a penthouse studio right up there near the sky. Look! What street is that way down there? Sort of runs crooked—

MACADAM (sadly): Broadway.

TIMMERMAN: Whee! Broadway! Good old Broadway! Whoopee!

(From Vanity Fair, 1932)
We nominate for the Hall of Fame, Willie Timmerman, because —

(THE END)